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*Poems of the  
Heart*





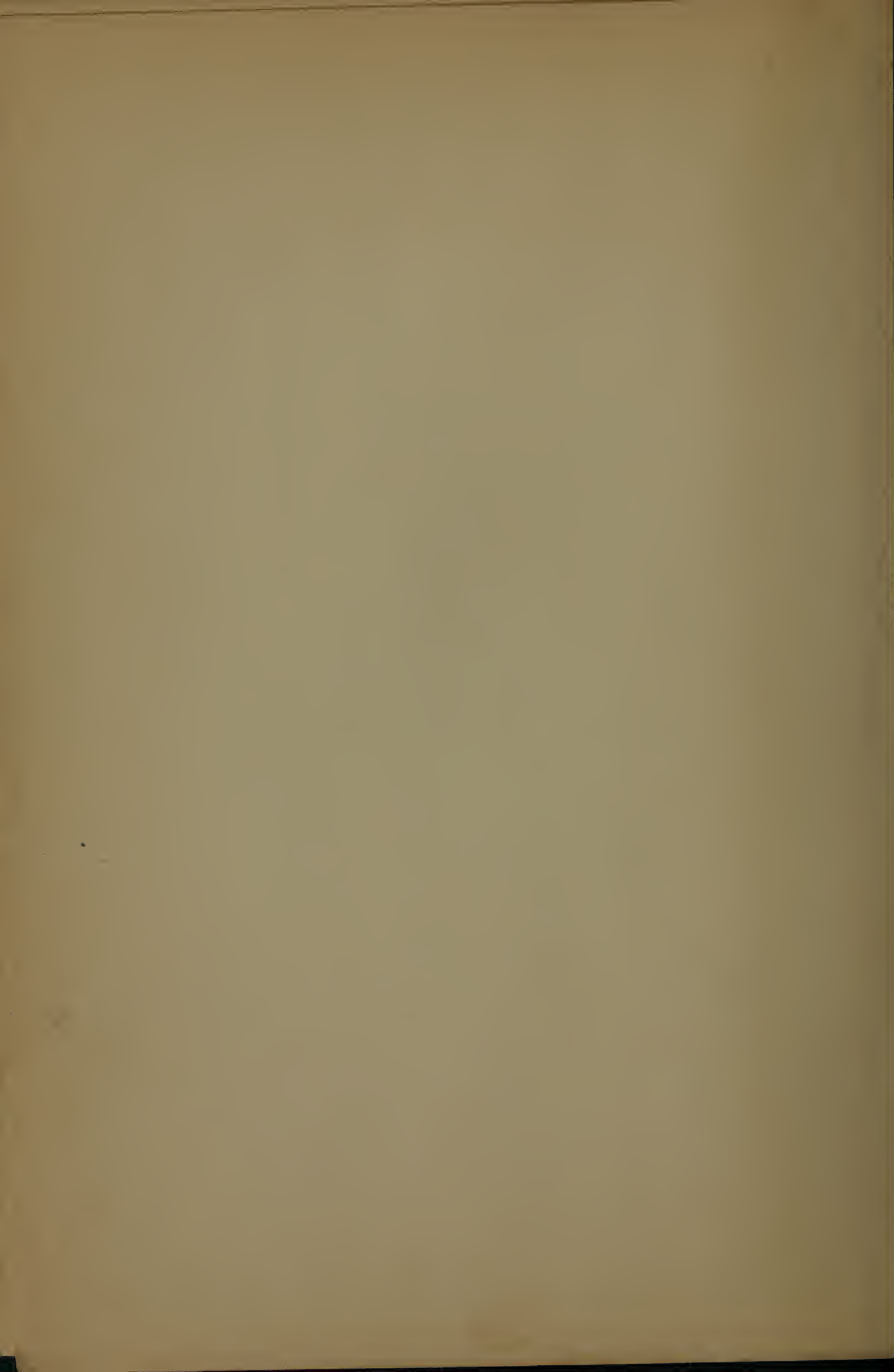
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# POEMS OF THE HEART

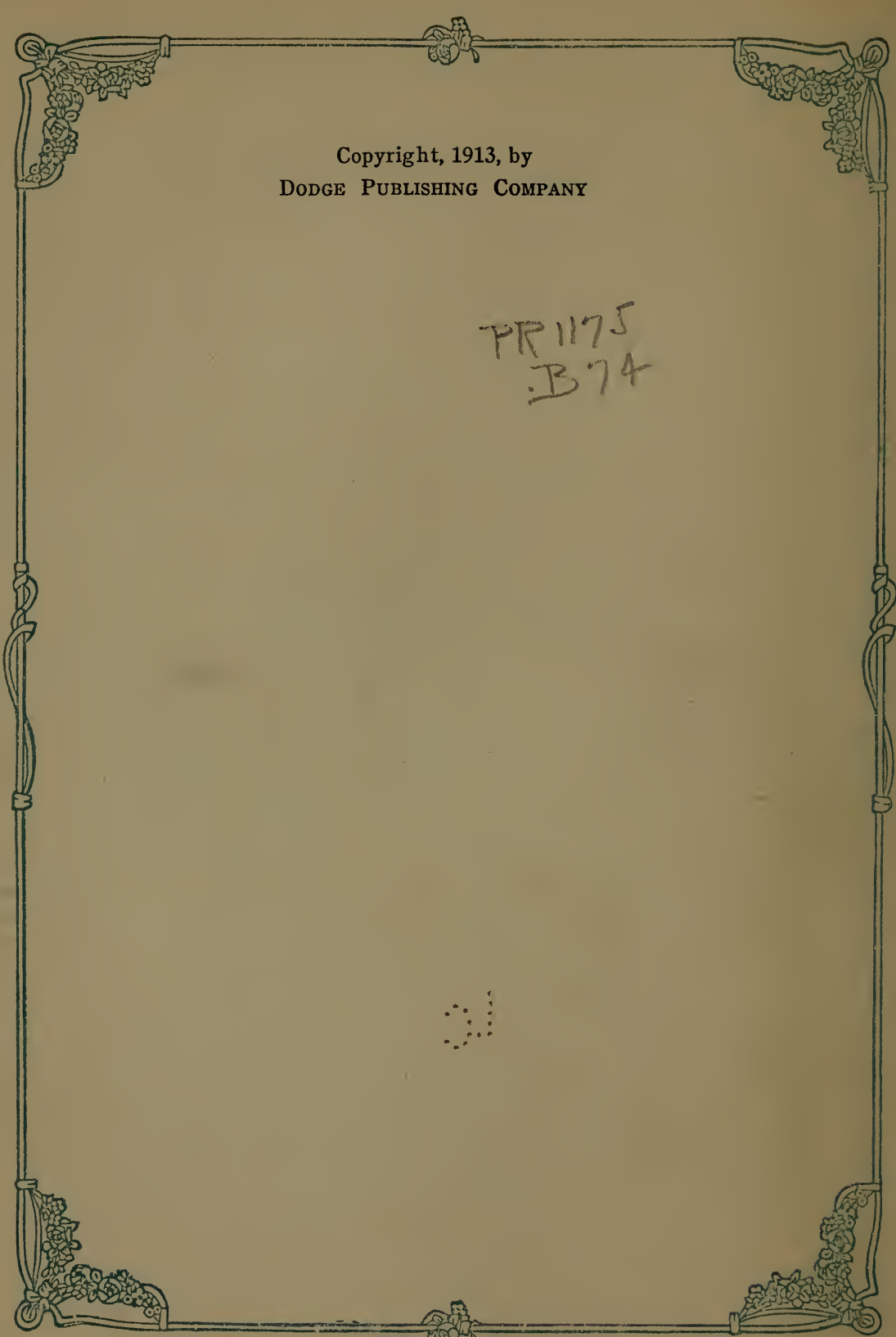
Selected and Arranged  
by  
RICHARD BROOKS

EDITOR OF  
"HELPS TO HAPPINESS"  
"OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST"  
"FRIENDSHIP'S JOYS BE YOURS"



NEW YORK  
DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
214-220 EAST 23d STREET





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PR 1175  
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## TRUE FRIENDSHIP



NEVER crossed your thresh-  
old with a grief  
But that I went without it;  
never came  
Heart hungry but you fed me,  
eased the blame,  
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.  
I never left you but I took away  
The love that drew me to your side again,  
Through the wide door that never could  
remain  
Quite closed between us for a little day.

## TRUE LOVE



LET me not to the marriage of  
true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is  
not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :—  
O no ! it is an ever fixèd mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass  
come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,  
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of  
doom :—

If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*William Shakespeare.*

## LUCY



HE dwelt among the untrod-  
den ways  
Beside the springs of Dove ;  
A maid whom there were  
none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

—*William Wordsworth.*



OMNIA VINCIT



AIN would I change that note  
To which fond Love hath  
charm'd me  
Long long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd  
me :

Yet when this thought doth come  
" Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight,"  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love ! they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee :  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee !

## A WELL OF LOVE



BETTER to sit at the water's  
birth

Than a sea of waves to win,  
To live in the love that floweth  
forth

Than the love that floweth in.

Be thy heart a well of love, my child,  
Flowing and free and sure,  
For a cistern of love, though undefiled,  
Keeps not the spirit pure.

—George MacDonald.

## MY LOVE

### I



NOT as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear ;  
Her glorious fancies come from  
far,  
Beneath the silver evening  
star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

### II

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know ;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

### III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair ;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim or lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.



IV

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise :  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

V

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI

Blessing she is : God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII

She is a woman : one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

IX

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X

And on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

## THE "OLD, OLD SONG"



WHEN all the world is young,  
lad,  
And all the trees are green ;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen ;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away ;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown ;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down ;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maim'd among ;  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

## A MAIDEN



HE is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be ;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me.  
O then I saw her eye was  
bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye :  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*



## TRUE LOVE



THINK true love is never  
blind,  
But rather brings an added  
light;  
An inner vision quick to find  
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see  
Another's highest, noblest part;  
Save through the sweet philosophy  
And loving wisdom of the heart.

—*Phæbe Cary.*



## A DITTY



Y true-love hath my heart, and  
I have his,  
By just exchange one for an-  
other given :  
I hold his dear, and mine he  
cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven :  
My true-love hath my heart, and I  
have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses  
guides :  
He loves my heart, for once it was his  
own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides :  
My true-love hath my heart, and I  
have his.

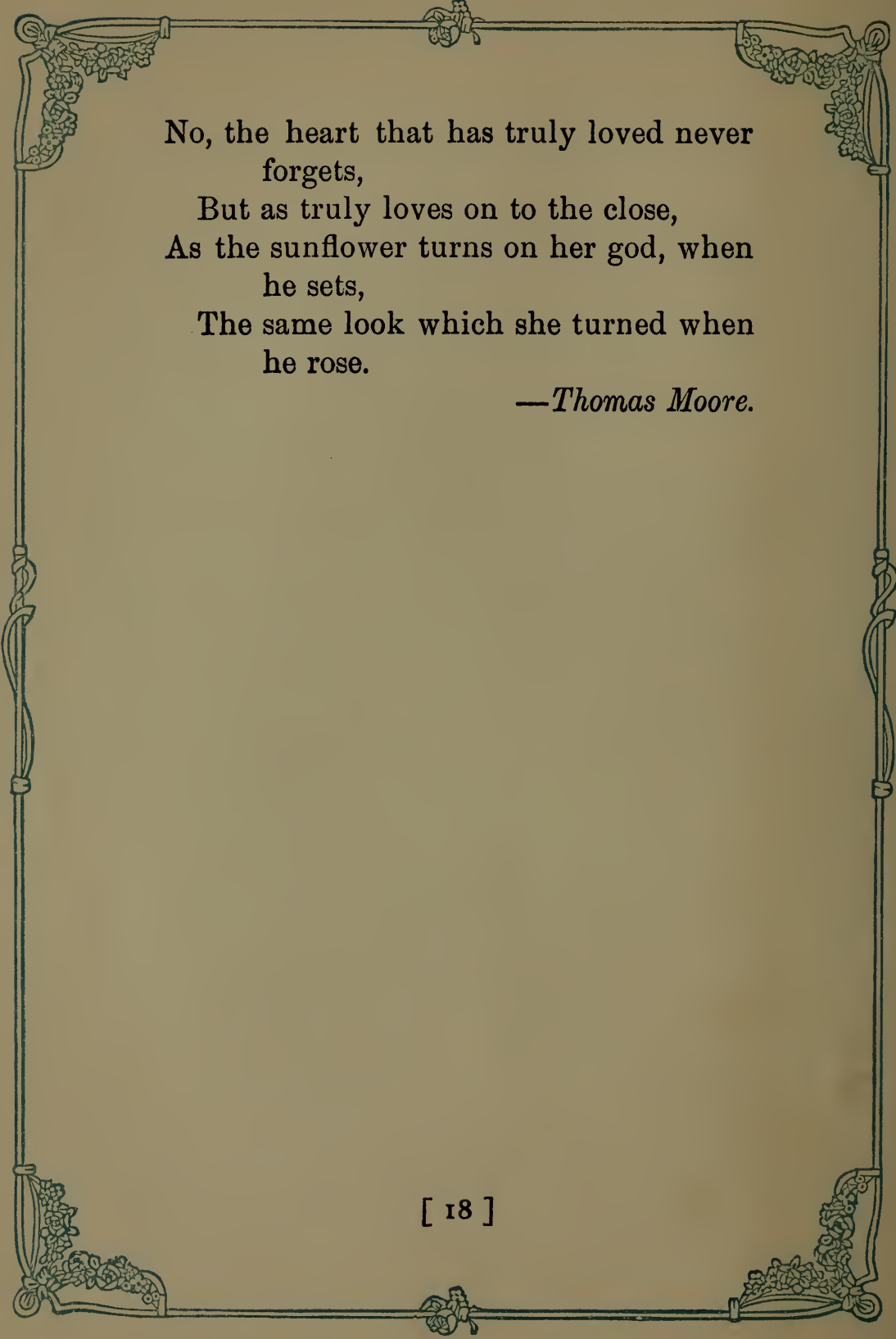
—*Philip Sidney.*

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE EN-  
DEARING YOUNG CHARMS



BELIEVE me, if all those en-  
dearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly  
to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow,  
and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this mo-  
ment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of  
my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are  
thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be  
known,  
To which time will but make thee  
more dear.



No, the heart that has truly loved never  
forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god, when  
he sets,  
The same look which she turned when  
he rose.

—*Thomas Moore.*



## SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE



WHEN our two souls stand up  
erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing  
nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings  
break into fire  
At either curvèd point,—what bitter  
wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should  
not long  
Be here contented? Think. In mount-  
ing higher,  
The angels would press on us and  
aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us  
stay  
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the  
unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour round-  
ing it.

How do I love thee? Let me count the  
ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth  
and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out  
of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-  
light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for  
Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from  
Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my child-  
hood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints,—I love thee with  
the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God  
choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## A SPRIG OF HEATHER



JUST a sprig of Scottish heather,  
in a letter where the tears,  
Which have blotted words to-  
gether, have been dried  
these many years.

Loving lines, yet sadly cheerful,—how  
“ ’twas lonesome here to-day,”  
Then a pause, a little tearful, “ Dear, you  
are so far away ! ”

Every sentence has its token of a love  
that could not fail  
Throbbing with a faith unspoken, though  
the ink is growing pale ;  
Faded are the lines dim-lettered like sad  
ghosts upon the page ;  
Ah, that poor love should be fettered with  
the rusty iron of age !

Then that line, “ I picked the heather  
from that spot, dear, you will know,  
Where we walked and talked together,—  
oh, it seems so long ago ! ”

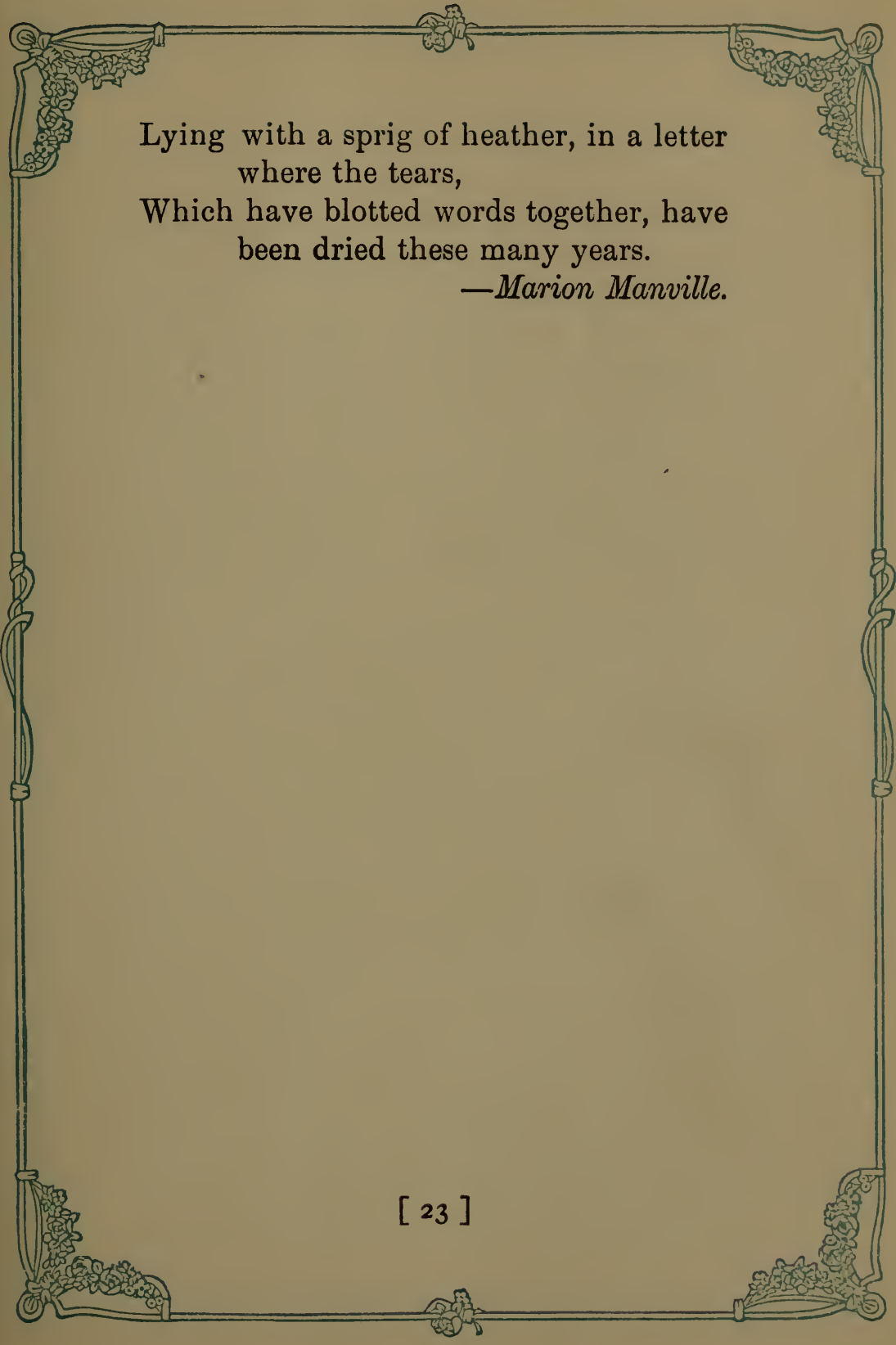
And at last, "Love, how much better it  
will be when, by-and-by,  
We'll not need to write a letter to each  
other, you and I!"

God! with what another meaning that  
one line has long been true,  
With Death's silence intervening since I  
last have heard from you,  
When you dropped Life's weary fetters,  
when you went so far away,—  
Thought you of unwritten letters I was  
missing from that day?

If you know how I have needed some new  
token through the years  
You have slept away unheeded, it must  
move your soul to tears.  
If you still know how I love you, how  
I've missed you day by day,  
Since the heather grew above you, you  
could never stay away.

Take all treasures, Time, I cherish, Fame  
and Hope and Life at last,  
Flitting things which needs must perish,  
—spare this memory of the Past.





Lying with a sprig of heather, in a letter  
where the tears,  
Which have blotted words together, have  
been dried these many years.

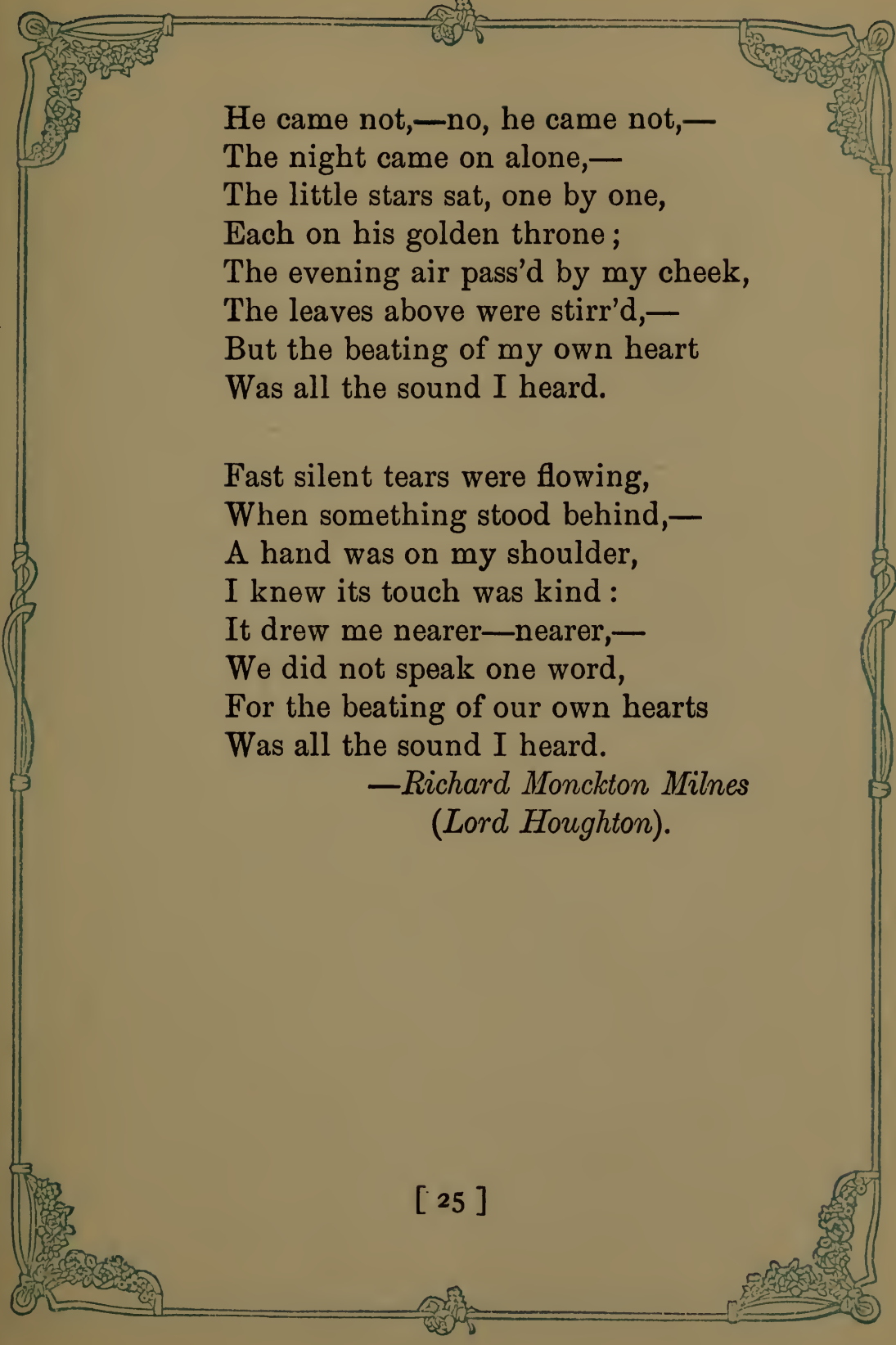
—*Marion Manville.*

## THE BROOK-SIDE



WANDER'D by the brook-  
side,  
I wander'd by the mill,—  
I could not hear the brook  
flow,  
The noisy wheel was still ;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
Nor chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
I watch'd the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid ;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word,—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.



He came not,—no, he came not,—  
The night came on alone,—  
The little stars sat, one by one,  
Each on his golden throne ;  
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirr'd,—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind,—  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind :  
It drew me nearer—nearer,—  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound I heard.

—*Richard Monckton Milnes*  
(*Lord Houghton*).

DOLCINO TO MARGARET



HE world goes up and the  
world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the  
rain ;  
And yesterday's sneer and  
yesterday's frown  
Can never come over again,  
Sweet wife ;  
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,  
And the night will hallow the day ;  
Till the heart which at even was weary  
and old  
Can rise in the morning gay,  
Sweet wife ;  
To its work in the morning gay.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



## SONNET



FIRST time he kissed me, he  
but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand where-  
with I write,  
And ever since it grew more  
clean and white. . . .  
Slow to world-greetings . . . quick with  
its "Oh, list!"  
When the angels speak. A ring of  
amethyst  
I could not wear here plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed  
in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and  
half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!  
That was the chrism of love, which love's  
own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third, upon my lips, was folded down  
In perfect purple state! since when, in-  
deed,  
I have been proud, and said, "My love,  
my own."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## THY VOICE IS NEAR ME



THY voice is near me in my  
dreams ;  
In accents sweet and low,  
Telling of happiness and love  
In days long, long ago.

Word after word I think I hear,  
Yet strange it seems to me  
That, though I listen to thy voice,  
Thy face I never see.

From night to night my weary heart  
Lives on the treasured past,  
And ev'ry day I fondly say,  
He'll come to me at last.

Yet still I weep, and watch, and pray,  
As time rolls slowly on ;  
And yet I have no hope but thee,  
Thou first, thou dearest one.

—*M. Lindsay.*

## LOVE



BETTER to have the love of one  
Than smiles like morning  
dew ;  
Better to have a living seed  
Than flowers of every hue.

Better to feel a love within  
Than be lovely to the sight ;  
Better a homely tenderness  
Than beauty's wild delight.

Better to love than be beloved,  
Though lonely all the day ;  
Better the fountain in the heart  
Than the fountain by the way.

Better the thanks of one dear heart  
Than a nation's voice of praise ;  
Better the twilight ere the dawn  
Than yesterday's mid-blaze.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

## GOD KEEP YOU SAFE



OD keep you safe, my love,  
All through the night ;  
Rest close in His encircled  
arms  
Until the light.  
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,  
Good-night ! God keep you in His care  
always.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts  
About my head ;  
I lose myself in tender dreams,  
While overhead  
The moon comes stealing through the  
window bars,  
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,  
Feel safe and strong  
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—  
The night is long.  
I say with sobbing breath the fond, old  
prayer :  
Good-night, sweet dreams, God keep  
you everywhere.

—*Mary Higman.*



## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT



S there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and  
a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass  
him by,  
We dare be poor, for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?  
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their  
wine,  
A man's a man for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,  
His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Should bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
When man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

## A SONNET



HY love shall chant its own  
beatitudes  
After its own self-working. A  
child's kiss  
Set on the sighing lips shall  
make thee glad,  
A poor man served by thee shall make  
thee rich,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make  
thee strong ;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every  
sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## EPILOGUE

*To Asolando*



T the midnight in the silence  
of the sleep-time,  
When you set your fancies  
free,  
Will they pass to where—by  
death, fools think, im-  
prison'd—  
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom  
you loved so,  
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-  
taken !  
What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the  
unmanly ?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I  
drivel  
—Being—who ?



One who never turn'd his back but  
march'd breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dream'd, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's  
work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as  
either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight  
on, fare ever  
There as here!"

—*Robert Browning.*

TO CELIA



RINK to me only with thine  
eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine ;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be ;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me ;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I  
swear,  
Not of itself but thee !

—*Ben Jonson.*

## THOU LING'RING STAR



THOU ling'ring star, with less'-  
ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early  
morn,  
Again thou usherest in the  
day

My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?  
Can I forget that hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity cannot efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thine image at our last embrace —  
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning  
green ;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined am'rous round the raptured  
scene ;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray—  
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care ;  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary ! dear departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast ?

—*Robert Burns.*



TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND  
HIM ANYTHING



BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be :  
Or bid me love, and I will  
give  
A loving heart to thee.

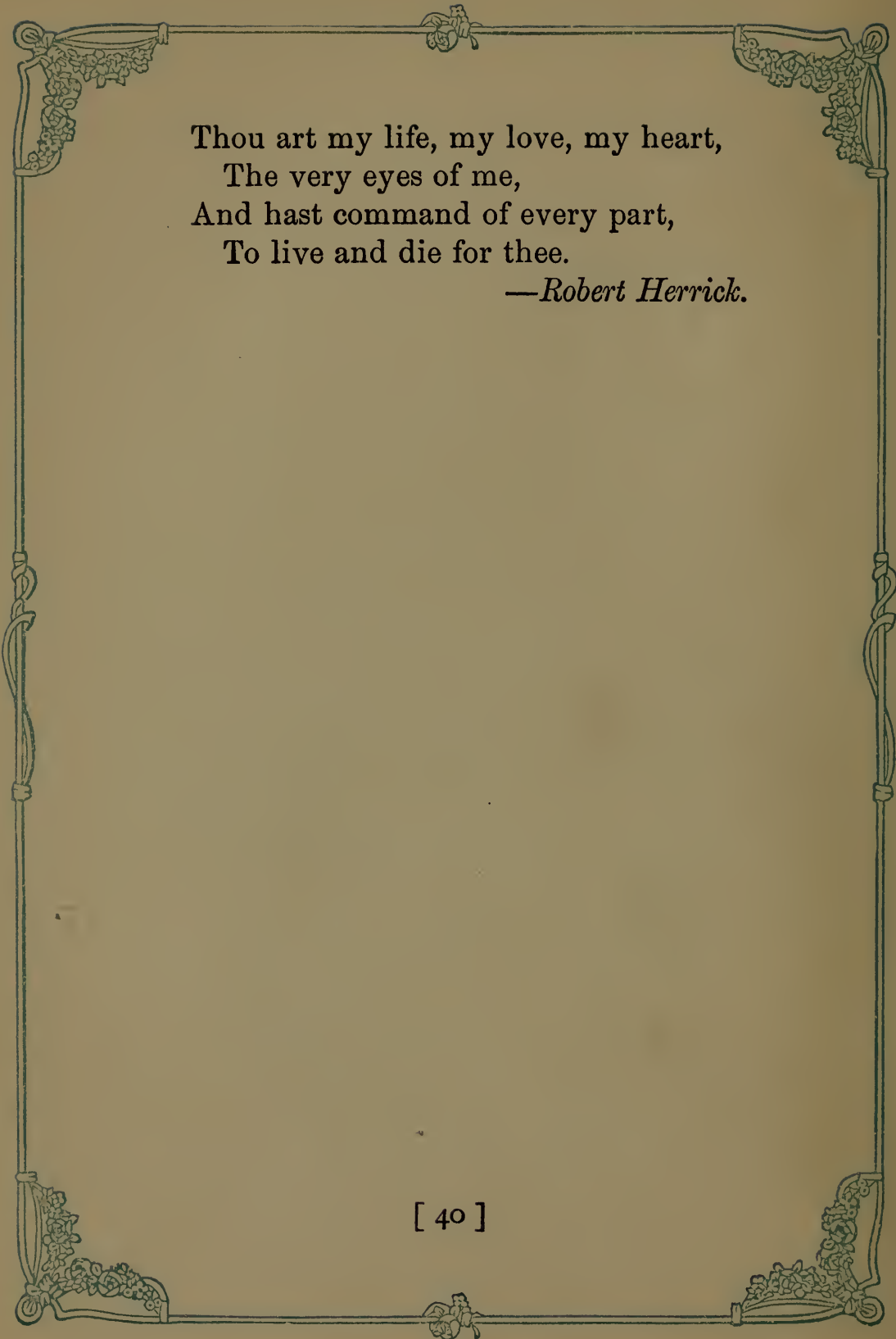
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honor thy decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
Under that cypress tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.





Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

—*Robert Herrick.*

YOU'LL LOVE ME—WON'T YOU?



O you remember when you  
heard  
My lips breathe love's first  
faltering word?  
You do, sweet—don't you?  
When, having wandered all  
the day,  
Linked arm in arm I dared to say,  
You'll love me—won't you?

And when you blushed, and could not  
speak,  
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;  
Did that affront you?  
Oh, surely not; your eye exprest  
No wrath, but said, perhaps in jest,  
You'll love me—won't you?

I'm sure my eyes replied, "I will;"  
And you believe that promise still;  
You do, sweet—don't you?  
Yes, yes, when age has made our eyes  
Unfit for questions or replies,  
You'll love me—won't you?

—*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

## WHERE LOVE IS



GOOD wife rose from her bed  
one morn,  
And thought, with a nervous  
dread,  
Of the piles of clothes to be  
washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There's the meals to get for the men in  
the field ;  
And the children to fix away  
To school ; and the milk to be skimmed  
and churned :  
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the  
wood  
Was wet as it could be ;  
There were puddings and pies to bake,  
besides  
A loaf of cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching  
brow  
Throbbled wearily as she said :  
“ If maidens but knew what good wives  
know,  
They would be in no haste to wed ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Jennie, what do you think I told Ben  
Brown ? ”

Called the farmer from the well ;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eyes half-bashfully fell.  
“ It was this,” he said, and, coming near,  
He smiled, and, stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—“ ’Twas this : That  
you were the best  
And the dearest wife in town ! ”

The farmer went back to the field, and  
the wife,  
In a smiling and absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She’d not sung for many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and  
the clothes

Were white as the foam of the sea ;  
Her bread was light, and her butter was  
sweet,  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a  
breath —

"Tom Wood has run off to sea !  
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had  
had

As happy a home as we."  
The night came down, and the good-wife  
smiled

To herself, as she softly said :  
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,  
It's no wonder that maids will wed !"

—*Thomas Burnett.*



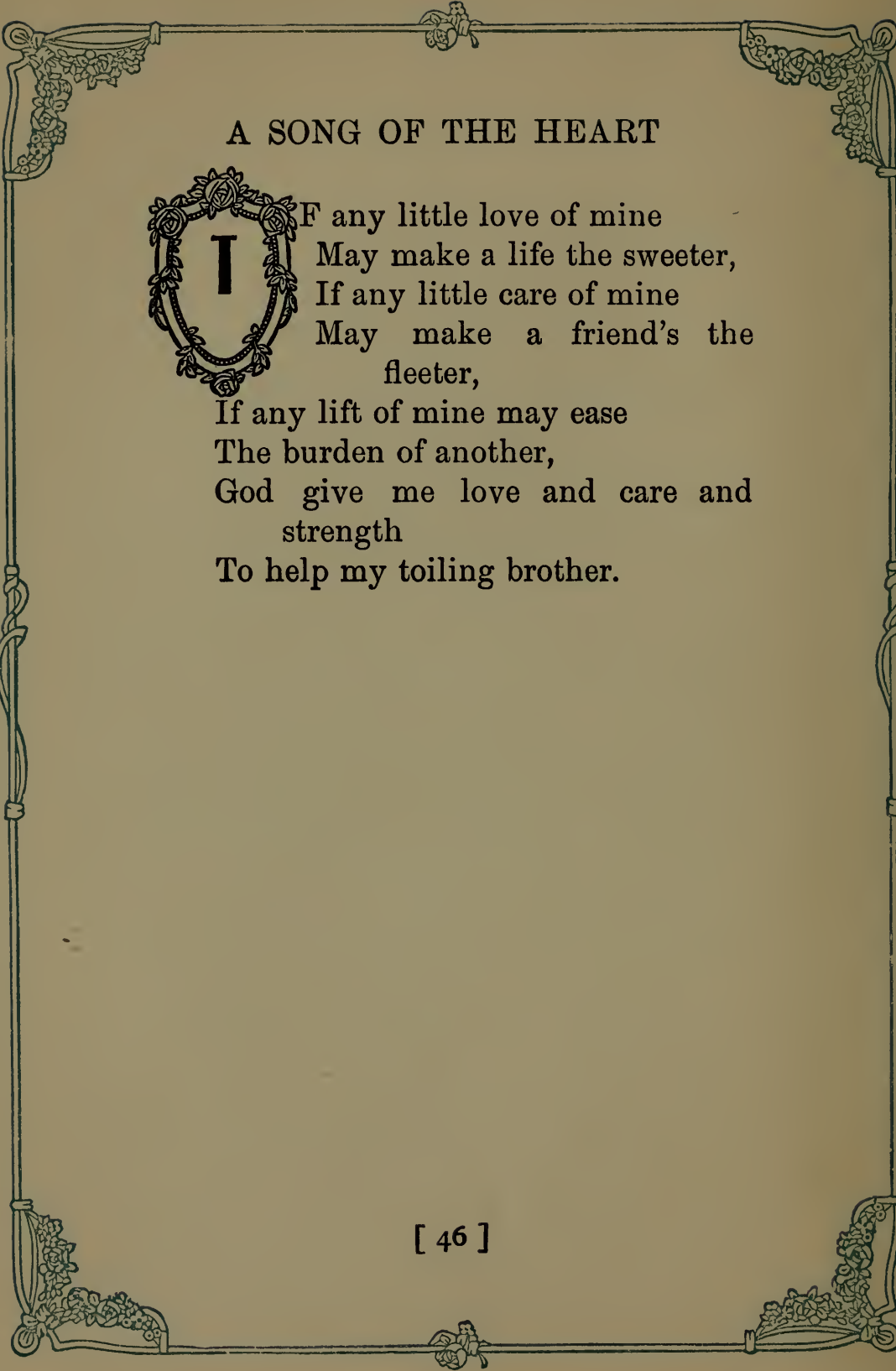
## CRADLE SONG



WEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea !  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon,  
and blow,  
Blow him again to me :  
While my little one, while my pretty one,  
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon :  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon ;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon :  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,  
sleep.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



## A SONG OF THE HEART



F any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend's the  
fleeter,  
If any lift of mine may ease  
The burden of another,  
God give me love and care and  
strength  
To help my toiling brother.

## SYMPATHY



HEN hide it not, the music of  
thy soul,  
Dear sympathy expressed with  
kindly voice,  
But let it like a shining river  
roll

To deserts dry—to hearts that would re-  
joice.

Oh, let the symphony of kindly words  
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and  
the weak,

And He will bless you. He who struck  
the chords

Will strike another when in turn you  
seek.



## WESLEY'S RULE



O all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

## THE QUIET ROOM



AND so I find it well to come  
For deeper rest to this still  
room ;  
For here the habit of the soul  
Feels less the outer world's  
control.

And from the silence, multiplied  
By these still forms on every side,  
The world that time and sense has known  
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*



CHEER AND JOY BE THINE



ESIDE the home fire's cheer-  
ful glow  
May mirth and joy thy com-  
rades be,  
And even churlish winter  
show  
A smiling face to thee.

May life no gloomy side reveal,  
But all this bright year through,  
Good fortune spin her shining wheel  
Right merrily for you.

## THE CELESTIAL SURGEON



IF I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness,  
If I have moved among my  
race  
And shown no glorious morn-  
ing face,

If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not, if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain ;  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



## A KINDLY DEED



KINDLY deed  
Is a little seed,  
That groweth all unseen ;  
And lo, when none  
Do look thereon,  
Anew it springeth green.

## SONG



WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me ;  
Plant thou no roses at my  
head,  
Nor shady cypress tree :  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet ;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain ;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain :  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

## A LOVING WORD



TAKE time to speak a loving  
word

Where loving words are sel-  
dom heard ;

And it will linger in the mind,  
And gather others of its kind,

Till loving words will echo where  
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare ;  
And somewhere on thy heavenward track  
Their music will come echoing back.



## GOD BE WITH YOU



MY heart's heart and you who  
are to me  
More than myself myself, God  
be with you,  
Keep you in strong obedience,  
leal and true

To him whose noble service setteth free,  
Give you all good we see or can foresee,  
Make your joys many and your sorrows  
few,

Bless you in what you bear and what  
you do.

Yea, perfect you as He would have you be.  
So much for you; but what for me,  
dear friend?

To love you without stint and all I can  
To-day, to-morrow, world without an  
end:

To love you much, and yet to love you  
more,

As Jordan at its flood sweeps either  
shore;

Since woman is the helpmeet made for  
man.

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

## A WORD OF CHEER



WOULD flood your path with  
sunshine, I would fence  
you from all ill,

I would crown you with all  
blessings if I could but  
have my will.

Aye! but human love may err, dear, and  
a power all wise is near.

So I only pray, God bless you, and God  
keep you through the year.

## STAY, STAY AT HOME



TAY, stay at home, my heart,  
and rest ;  
Home-keeping hearts are hap-  
piest.  
For those that wander they  
know not where,  
Are full of trouble, and full of care ;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown  
about  
By the winds of the wilderness of  
doubt ;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
The bird is safest in its nest ;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



## REST



REST is not quitting  
The busy career :  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best :  
'Tis onward, unswerving !  
And that is true rest.

—*John Sullivan Dwight.*



## RABBI BEN EZRA



ROW old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the  
first was made :  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith 'A whole I plann'd,  
Youth shows but half; trust God : see all  
nor be afraid !'

Not that, amassing flowers  
Youth sigh'd ' Which rose make ours,  
Which lily leave and then as best recall ?'  
Not that, admiring stars,  
It yearn'd ' Nor Jove, nor Mars ;  
Mine be some figured flame which blends,  
transcends them all !'

Not for such hopes and fears  
Annulling youth's brief years,  
Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !  
Rather I prize the doubt  
Low kinds exist without,  
Finish'd and finite clods, untroubled by  
a spark.



Poor vaunt of life indeed,  
Were man but formed to feed  
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast :  
Such feasting ended, then  
As sure an end to men ;  
Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt  
the maw-cramm'd beast ?

Rejoice we are allied  
To That which doth provide  
And not partake, effect and not receive !  
A spark disturbs our clod ;  
Nearer we hold of God  
Who gives, than of His tribes that take,  
I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand  
but go !  
Be our joys three-parts pain !  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never  
grudge the throe !

For thence,—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :

What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me :  
A brute I might have been, but would  
not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute  
Whose flesh has soul to suit,  
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs  
want play ?  
To man, propose this test —  
Thy body at its best,  
How far can that project thy soul on its  
lone way ?

Yet gifts should prove their use :  
I own the Past profuse  
Of power each side, perfection every turn :  
Eyes, ears took in their dole,  
Brain treasured up the whole :  
Should not the heart beat once ' How  
good to live and learn ? '

Not once beat ' Praise be Thine !  
I see the whole design,  
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :  
Perfect I call Thy plan :  
Thanks that I was a man !  
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what  
Thou shall do ! '

For pleasant is this flesh ;  
Our soul, in its rose-mesh  
Pull'd ever to the earth, still yearns for  
rest ;  
Would we some prize might hold  
To match those manifold  
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as  
we did best !

Let us not always say  
'Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gain'd ground upon  
the whole !'  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry ' All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,  
than flesh helps soul !'

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reach'd its  
term :  
Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the develop'd brute ; a god though  
in the germ.

And I shall thereupon  
Take rest, ere I be gone  
Once more on my adventure brave and  
new :  
Fearless and unperplex'd,  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armour to  
indue.

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby ;  
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is  
gold :  
And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame :  
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know,  
being old.

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the  
gray :  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—' Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth : here dies  
another day.'



So, still within this life,  
Though lifted o'er its strife,  
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at  
last,  
'This rage was right i' the main,  
That acquiescence vain :  
The Future I may face now I have proved  
the Past.'

For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the  
tool's true play.

As it was better, youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,  
Toward making, than repose on aught  
found made :  
So, better, age, exempt  
From strife, should know, than tempt  
Further. Thou waitedest age : wait death  
nor be afraid !

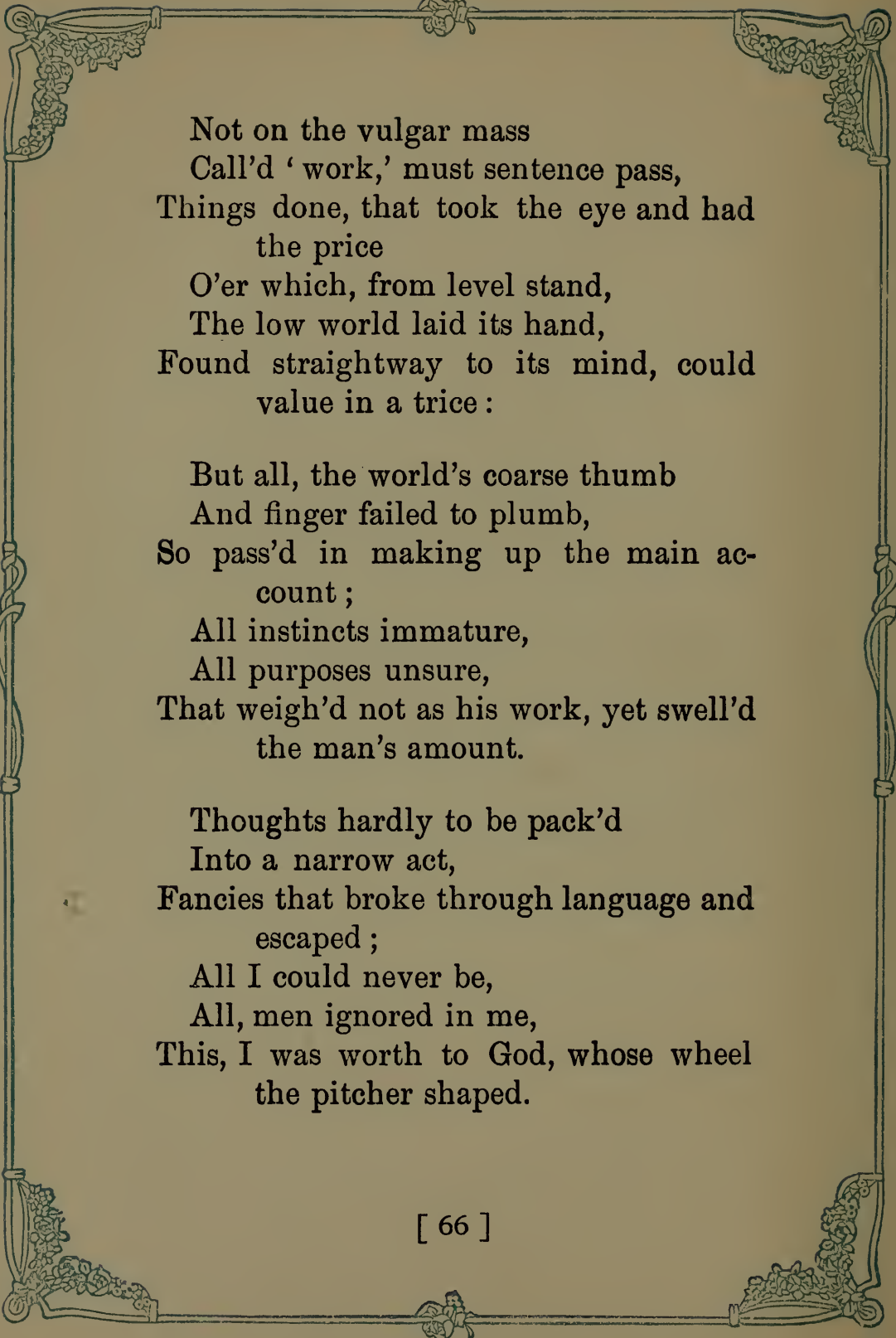


Enough now, if the Right  
And Good and Infinite  
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand  
    thine own,  
With knowledge absolute,  
Subject to no dispute  
From fools that crowded youth, nor let  
    thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,  
Sever'd great minds from small,  
Announced to each his station in the  
    Past!

Was I, the world arraign'd,  
Were they, my soul disdain'd,  
Right? Let age speak the truth and  
    give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I re-  
    ceive;  
Ten, who in ears and eyes  
Match me: we all surmise,  
They this thing, and I that: whom shall  
    my soul believe?



Not on the vulgar mass  
Call'd 'work,' must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had  
the price  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could  
value in a trice :

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So pass'd in making up the main ac-  
count ;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weigh'd not as his work, yet swell'd  
the man's amount.

Thoughts hardly to be pack'd  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and  
escaped ;  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel  
the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor ! and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our  
clay,—  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
' Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past  
gone, seize to-day ! '

Fool ! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall ;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God  
stand sure :  
What enter'd into thee,  
*That* was, is, and shall be :  
Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter  
and clay endure.

He fix'd thee mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain  
arrest :  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently  
impress'd.

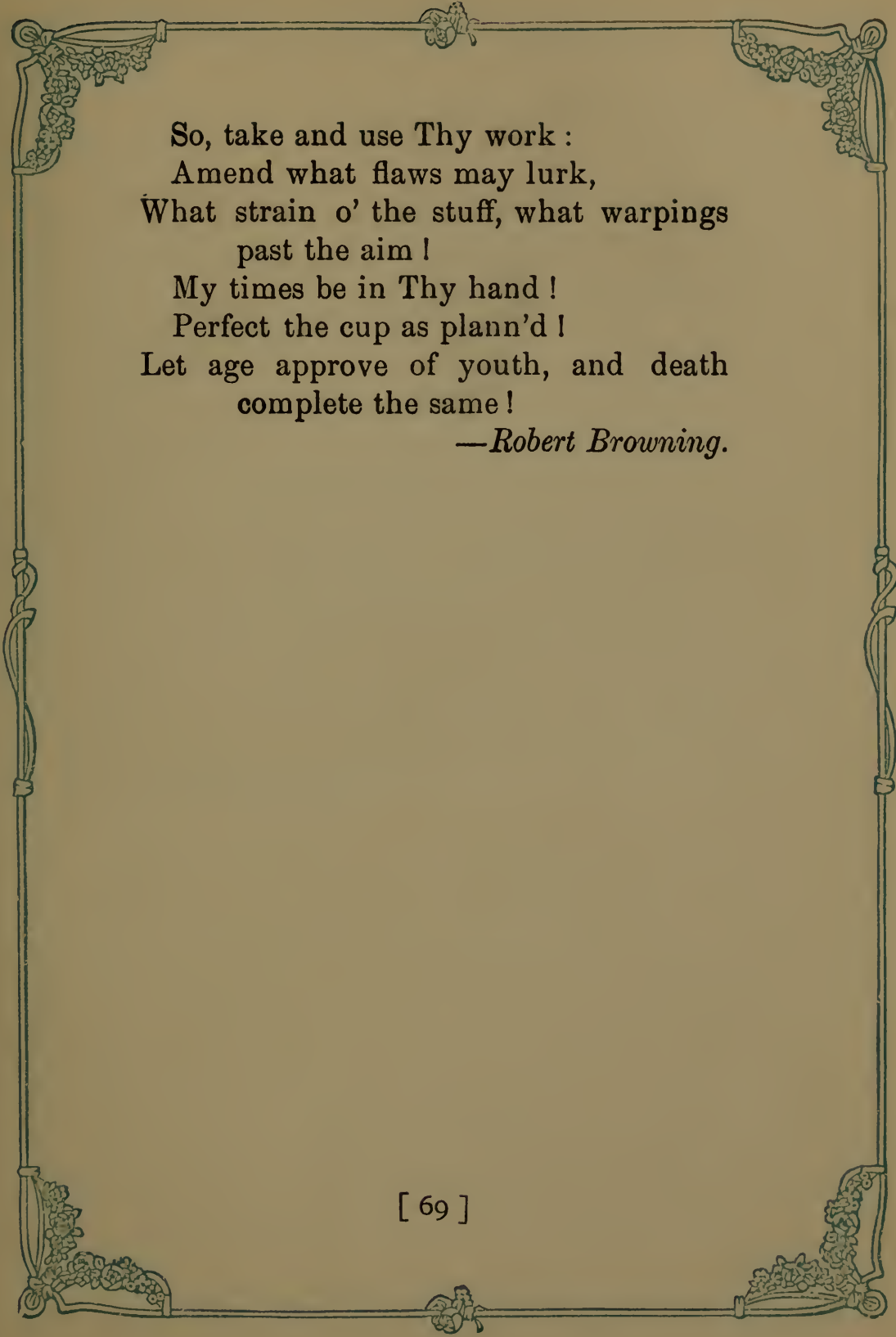
What though the earlier grooves  
Which ran the laughing loves  
Around thy base, no longer pause and  
press?

What though, about thy rim,  
Scull-things in order grim  
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the  
sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trum-  
pet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips a-glow!  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what  
need'st thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who moulded men;  
And since, not even while the whirl was  
worst,  
Did I,—to the wheel of life  
With shapes and colors rife,  
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake  
Thy thirst;





So, take and use Thy work :  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings  
past the aim !  
My times be in Thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as plann'd !  
Let age approve of youth, and death  
complete the same !

—*Robert Browning.*



## BE TRUE



THOU must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst  
teach ;  
Thy soul must overflow, if  
thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach !  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed ;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed ;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—*Andrew Bonar.*

## A WORD OF LOVE



ANY a heart is hungry, starv-  
ing,  
For a little word of love;  
Speak it then and as the sun-  
shine  
Gilds the lofty peaks above

So the joy of those who hear it  
Sends its radiance down life's way,  
And the world is brighter, better  
For the loving words we say.

## A KIND WORD



OW little it costs, if we give it  
a thought,  
To make happy some heart  
each day.  
Just one kind word, or a  
tender smile,  
As we go on our daily way.

“Perchance a look will suffice to clear  
The cloud from a neighbor’s face,  
And the press of a hand in sympathy  
A sorrowful tear efface.

“It costs so little I wonder why  
We give so little thought?  
A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch,  
What magic with them is wrought!”

## DO YOUR DUTY



OLD hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never  
gay ;

Life for thee hath many duties,  
Active be, then, while you  
may.

Be strong to hope, O heart !  
Though day is bright,  
The stars can only shine  
In the dark night,  
Be strong, O heart of mine ;  
Look towards the light.

## NO FAILURE OR DEFEAT



HEN take this honey for the  
bitterest cup,  
There is no failure save in  
giving up.  
No real fall so long as one  
still tries,  
For seeming setbacks make the strong  
man wise.  
There's no defeat in truth, save from  
within,  
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound  
to win.



## DAFFODILS

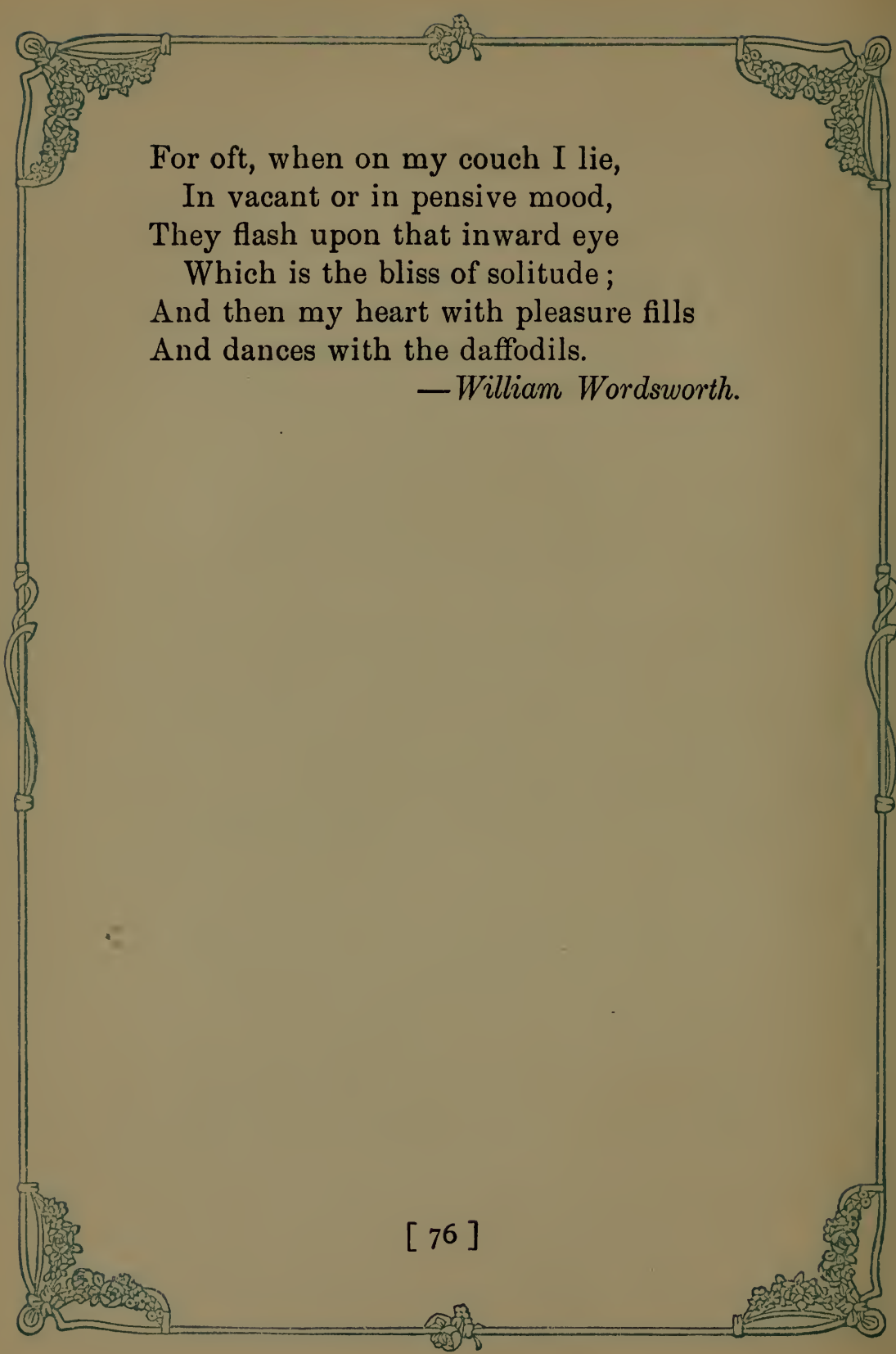


WANDERED lonely as a  
cloud  
That floats on high o'er  
vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a  
crowd,—

A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.



For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

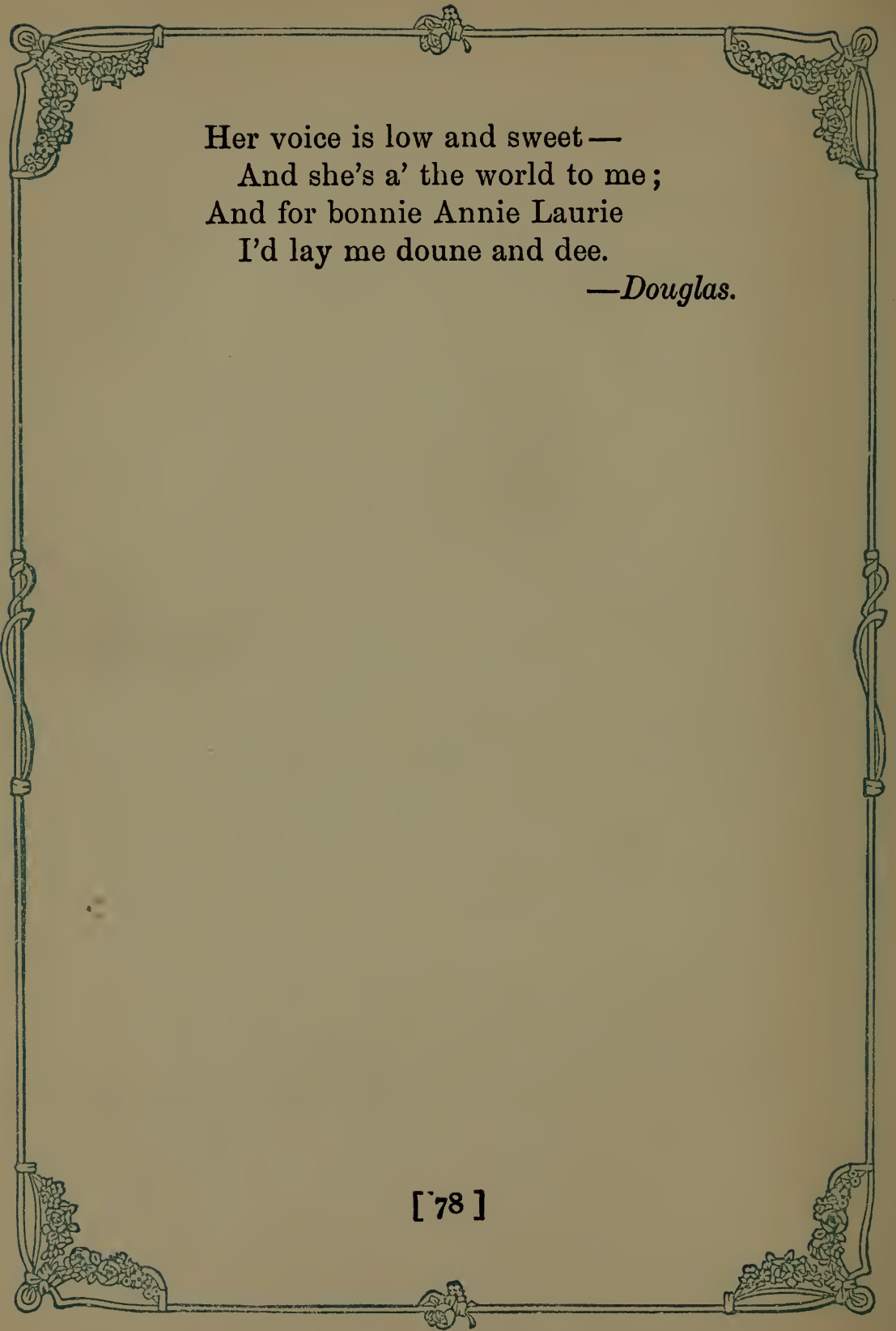
## MAXWELTON BRAES



MAXWELTON braes are bonnie  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie  
Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true,—  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

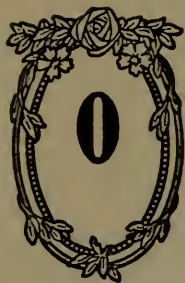
Her brow is like the snaw-drift;  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,—  
That e'er the sun shone on,—  
And dark blue is her ee;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet —



Her voice is low and sweet —  
And she's a' the world to me ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.  
—*Douglas.*

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

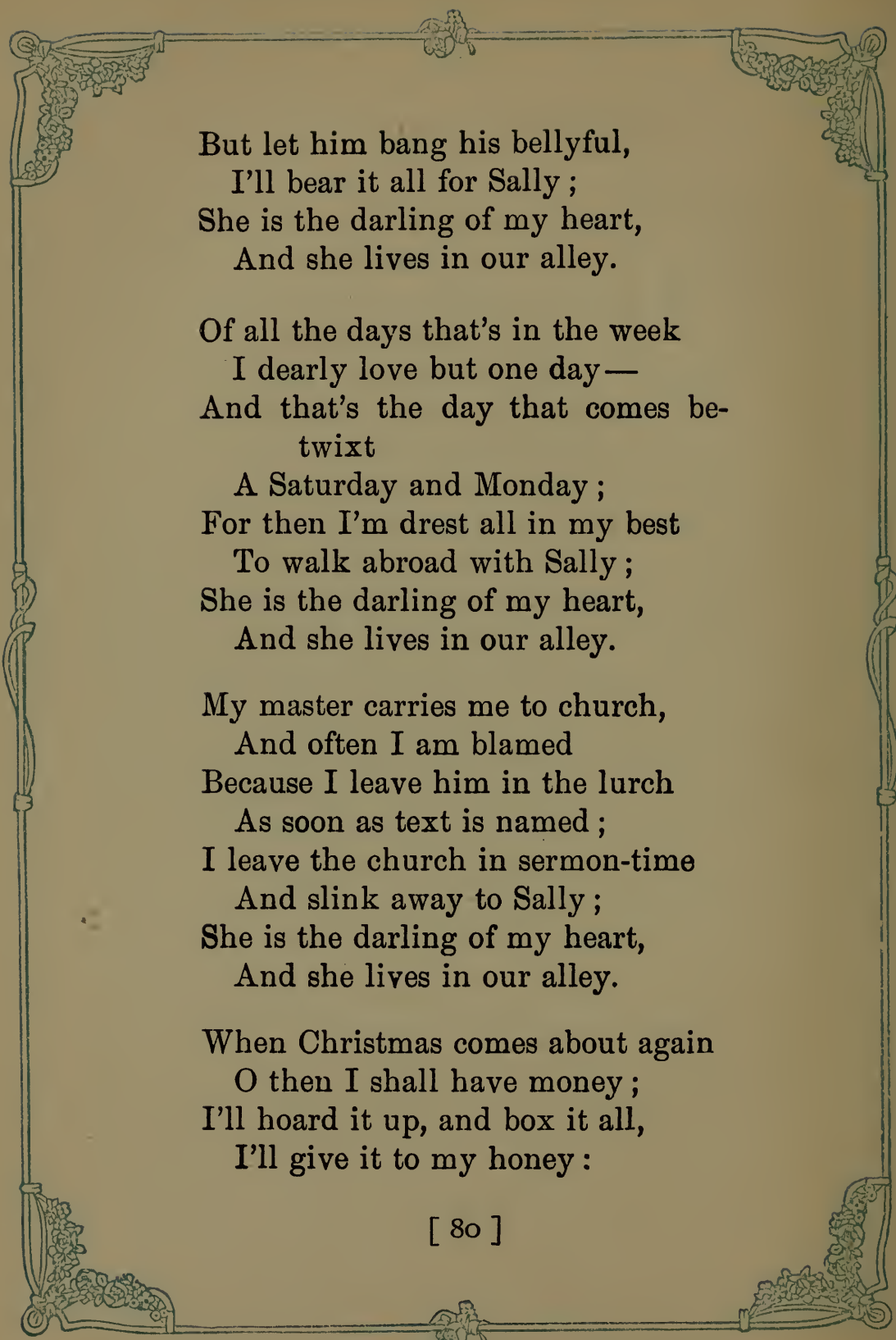


F all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty  
Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets  
And through the streets does cry  
'em ;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em ;  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally !  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely ;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely —





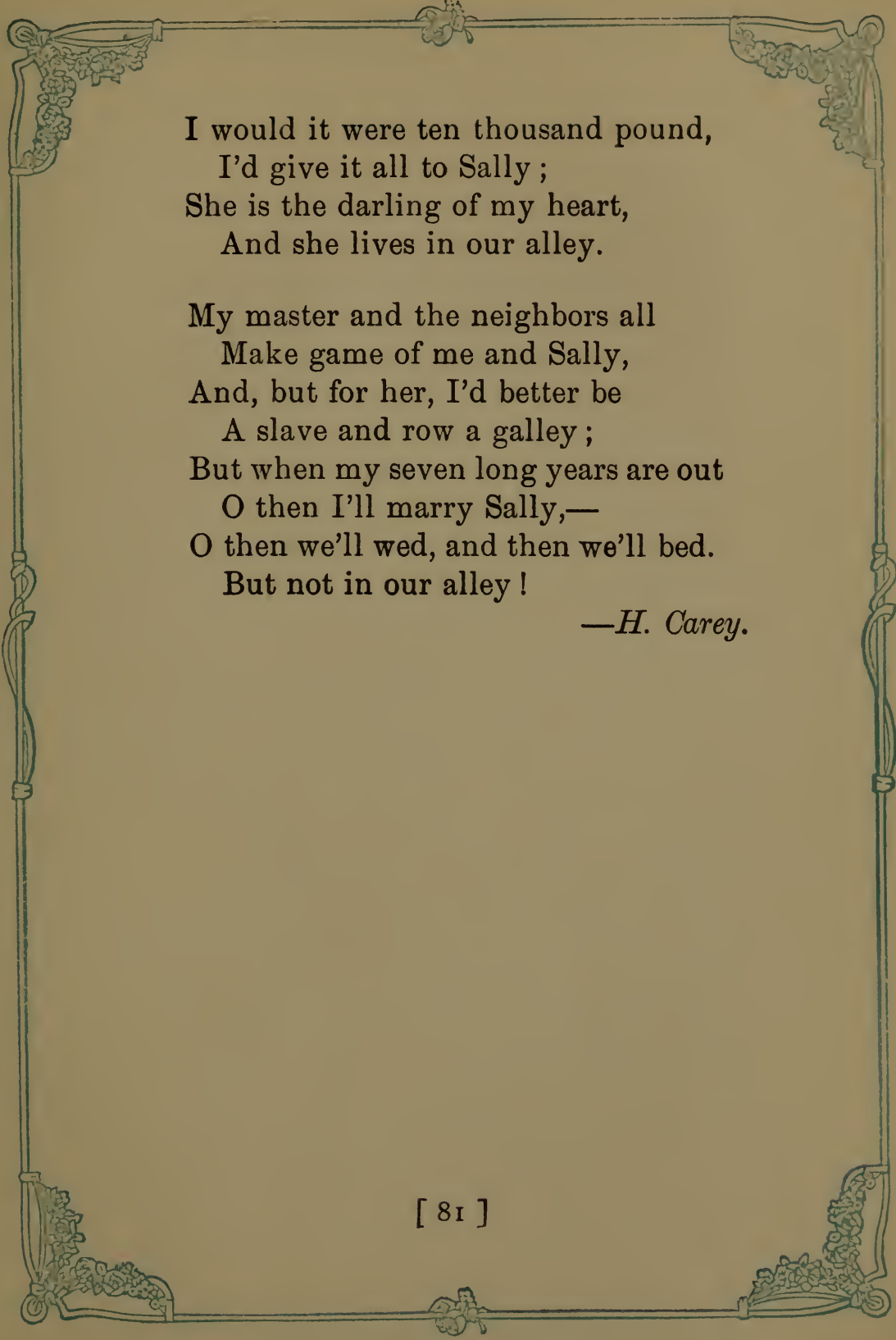
But let him bang his bellyful,  
I'll bear it all for Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
I dearly love but one day —  
And that's the day that comes be-  
twixt

A Saturday and Monday ;  
For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often I am blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named ;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again  
O then I shall have money ;  
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
I'll give it to my honey :



I would it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley ;  
But when my seven long years are out  
O then I'll marry Sally,—  
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed.  
But not in our alley !

—*H. Carey.*

## RUTH



HE stood breast-high amid the  
corn,  
Clasped by the golden light  
of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the  
sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—  
Which were blackest none could tell ;  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

—*Thomas Hood.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE  
AT CORUNNA



NOT a drum was heard, not a  
funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart  
we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his  
farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.

We buried him darkly at the dead of  
night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound  
him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that  
was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.



We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow  
bed

And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread  
o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep  
on

In the grave where a Britain has laid  
him.

But half of our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for re-  
tiring :

And we heard the distant and random  
gun

That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory ;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a  
stone,

But we left him alone with his glory.

—*C. Wolfe.*



BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND



LOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green  
holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly :

Then, heigh ho ! the holly !  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green  
holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly :

Then, heigh ho ! the holly !  
This life is most jolly.

— *William Shakespeare.*

## MUSIC



MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory —  
Odors, when sweet violets  
sicken,  
Live within the sense they  
quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

## MEMORY



WHEN to the sessions of sweet  
silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of  
things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a  
thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear  
time's waste ;

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's date-  
less night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-can-  
cell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd  
sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before :

—But if the while I think on thee, dear  
Friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—*William Shakespeare.*

## BABY



HERE did you come from,  
baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into  
here.

Where did you get those eyes  
of blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle  
and spin?  
Some of the starry twinkles left in.



Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and  
high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm  
white rose?  
I saw something better than any one  
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.





Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling  
things?  
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?  
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought about you, and so I am here.

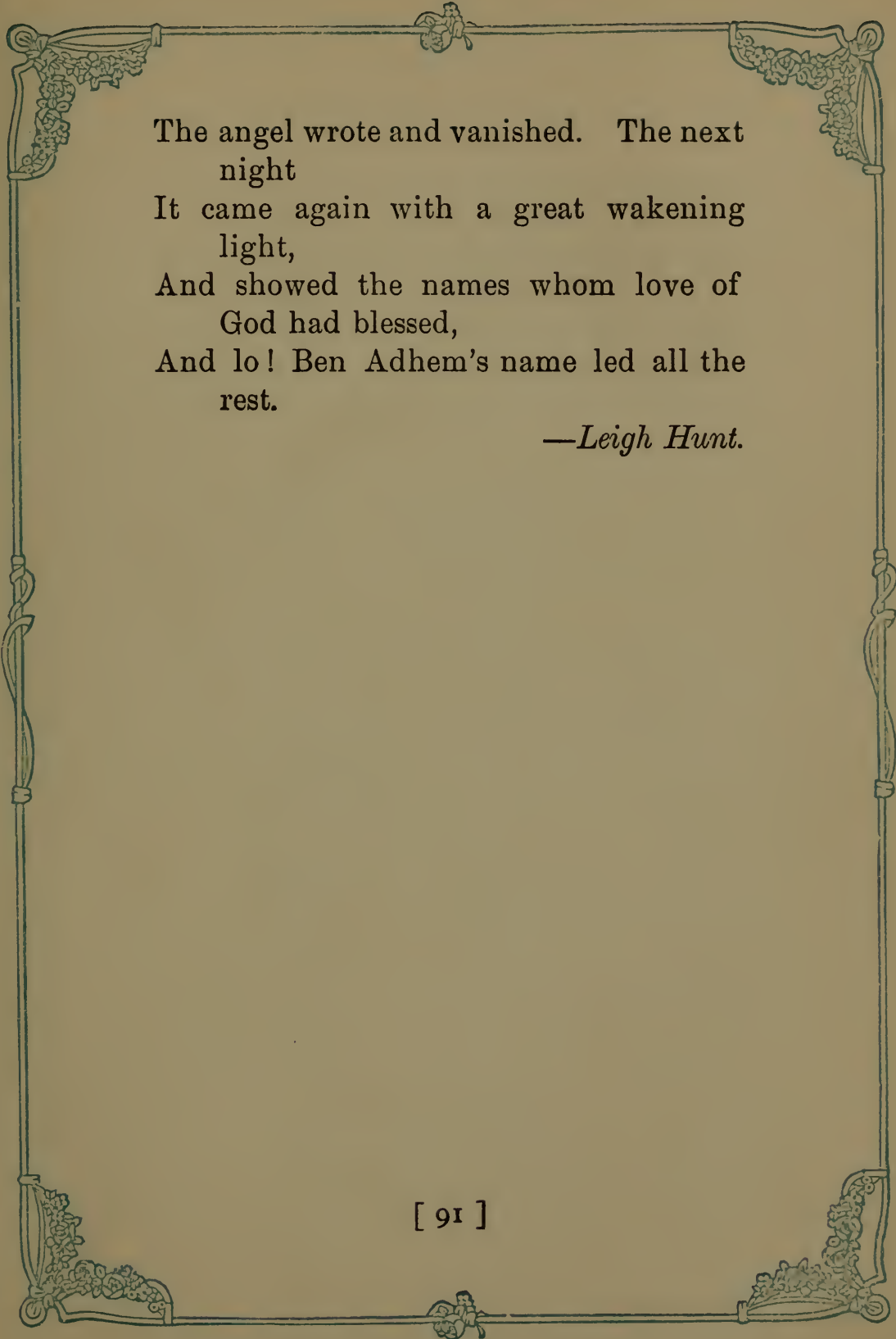
—*George MacDonald.*



## ABOU BEN ADHEM



ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his  
tribe increase !)  
Awoke one night from a deep  
dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moon-  
light in his room,  
Making it rich, and like the lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold ;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem  
bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou ? ”—The vision raised  
its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet ac-  
cord,  
Answered, “ The names of those who love  
the Lord.”  
“And is mine one ? ” said Abou ; “ Nay,  
not so,”  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more  
low,  
But cheerily still ; and said, “ I pray thee  
then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-  
men.”



The angel wrote and vanished. The next  
night  
It came again with a great wakening  
light,  
And showed the names whom love of  
God had blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the  
rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

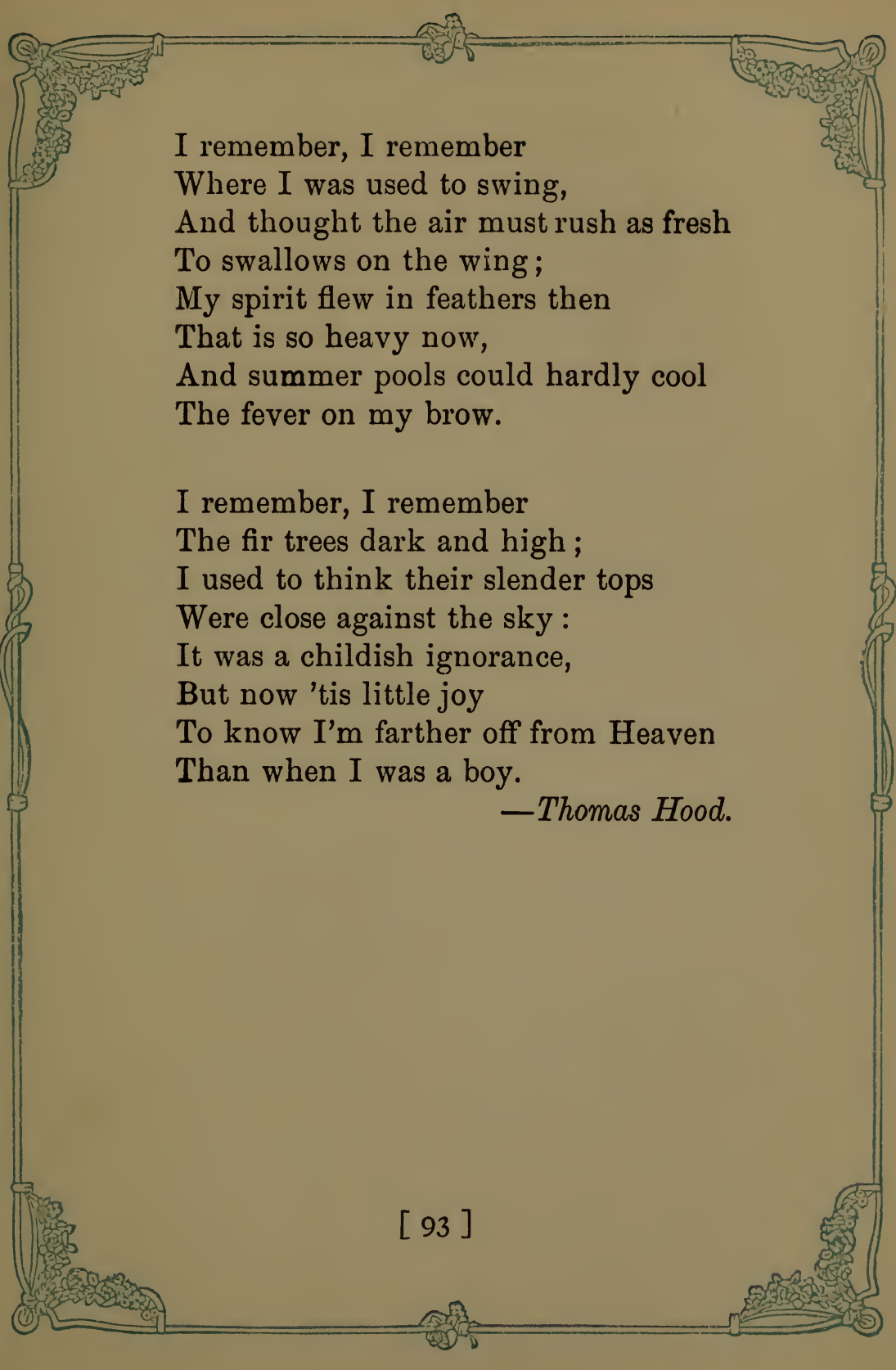
## PAST AND PRESENT



REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the  
sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too  
soon

Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups —  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet !



I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

## SOLITUDE



HAPPY the man, whose wish  
and care

A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native  
air

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with  
bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mixt, sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
Thus unlamented let me die ;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

—*Alexander Pope.*



## A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

*Written on the River St. Lawrence*

*Et remigem cantus hortatur.—Quintilian.*



FAINTLY as tolls the evening  
chime,

Our voices keep tune and our  
oars keep time.

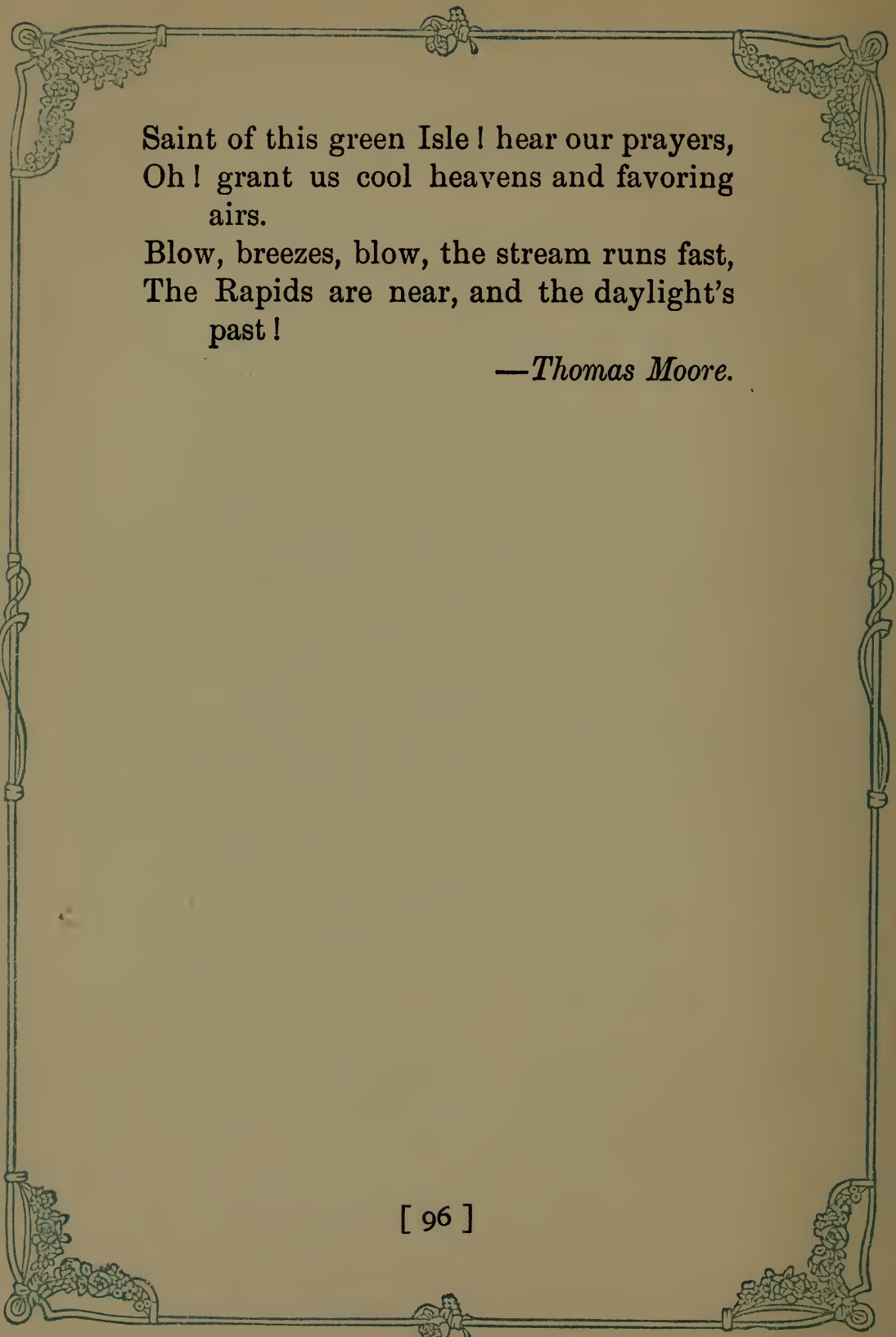
Soon as the woods on shore  
look dim,

We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to  
curl !

But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar,  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past !

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.



Saint of this green Isle ! hear our prayers,  
Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favoring  
airs.

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past !

—*Thomas Moore.*


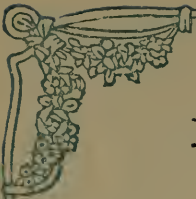
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCHYARD



HE curfew tolls the knell of  
parting day ;  
The lowing herds wind  
slowly o'er the lea ;  
The ploughman homeward  
plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and  
to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on  
the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness  
holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning  
flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant  
fold—

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled  
tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon  
complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret  
bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-  
tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a  
mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet  
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing  
morn,  
The swallow, twittering from the straw-  
built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing  
horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their  
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth  
shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening  
care;  
Nor children run to lisp their sire's re-  
turn,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
share.



Oft did the harvest to their sickle  
yield ;  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team  
a-field !  
How bowed the woods beneath their  
sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful  
toil,  
Their homely joy, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful  
smile,  
The short and simple annals of the  
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of  
power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth  
e'er gave,  
Await, alike, the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the  
grave.



Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the  
    fault,  
    If memory o'er their tomb no trophies  
    raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and  
    fretted vault,  
    The pealing anthem swells the note of  
    praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
    Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
    breath ?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent  
    dust,  
    Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear  
    of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
    Some heart, once pregnant with cele-  
    stial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have  
    swayed,  
    Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er  
unroll ;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the  
soul.

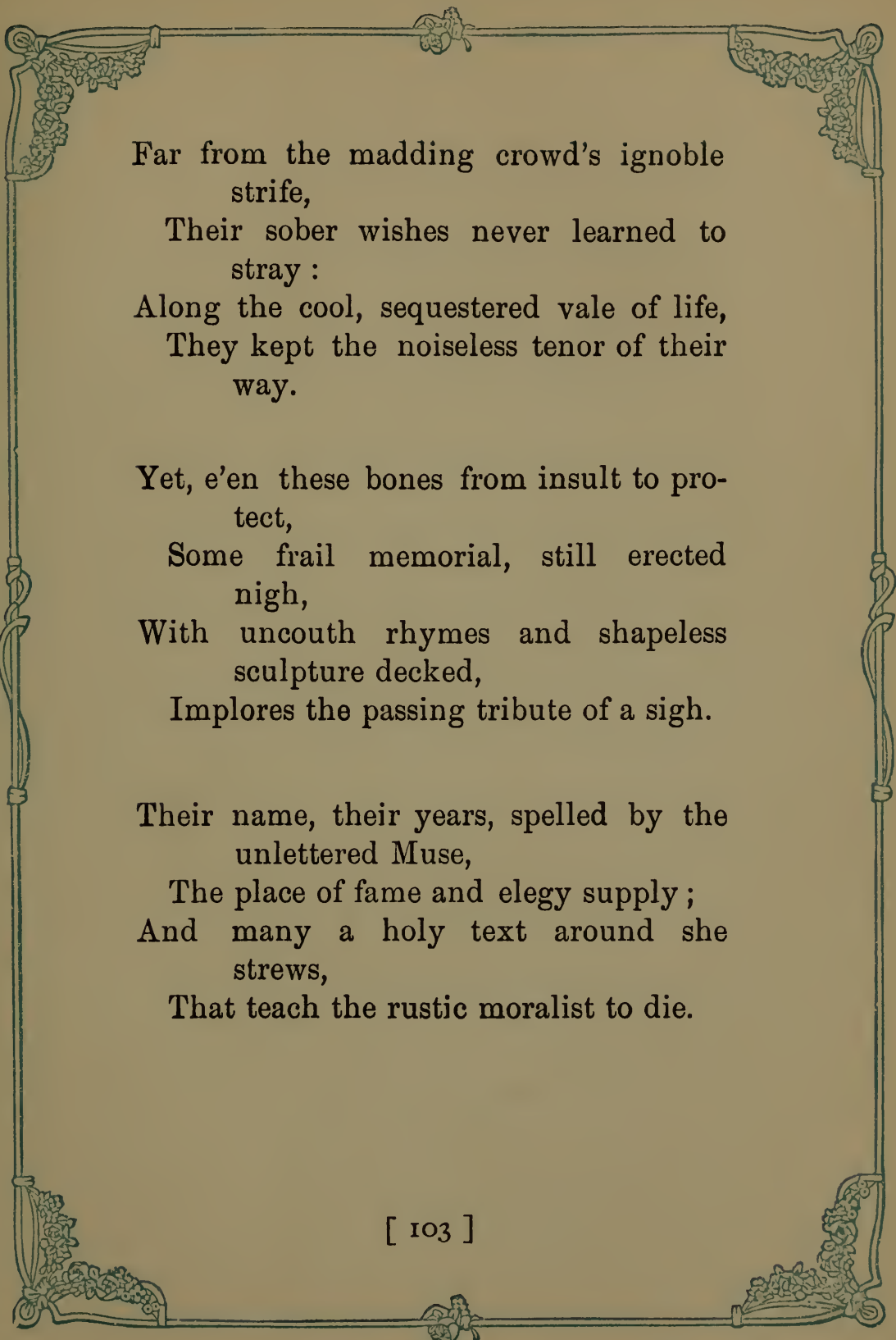
Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean  
bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush un-  
seen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

Some village Hampden, that, with daunt-  
less breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields with-  
stood ;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may  
rest ;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his coun-  
try's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.



Far from the madding crowd's ignoble  
    strife,  
    Their sober wishes never learned to  
        stray :  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
    They kept the noiseless tenor of their  
        way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to pro-  
    tect,  
    Some frail memorial, still erected  
        nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless  
    sculpture decked,  
    Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the  
    unlettered Muse,  
    The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she  
    strews,  
    That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being, e'er re-  
signed—

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
day—

Nor cast one longing, lingering look  
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul  
relies;

Some pious drops the closing eye re-  
quires:

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature  
cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted  
fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored  
dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale  
relate,

If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy  
fate,



Haply, some hoary-headed swain may  
say,

“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of  
dawn,  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews  
away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland  
lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding  
beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots  
so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he  
stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles  
by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in  
scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he  
would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one for-  
lorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed with  
hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the accus-  
tomed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite  
tree ;

Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was  
he.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the churchway path we  
saw him borne ;  
Approach and read (for thou canst read)  
the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged  
thorn.”

#### THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame un-  
known :  
Fair Science frowned upon his humble  
birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her  
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :

Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to misery all he had—a tear—

He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

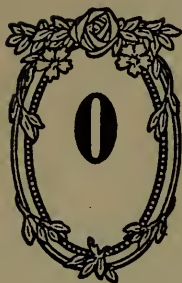
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode

(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose),

The bosom of his Father and his God.

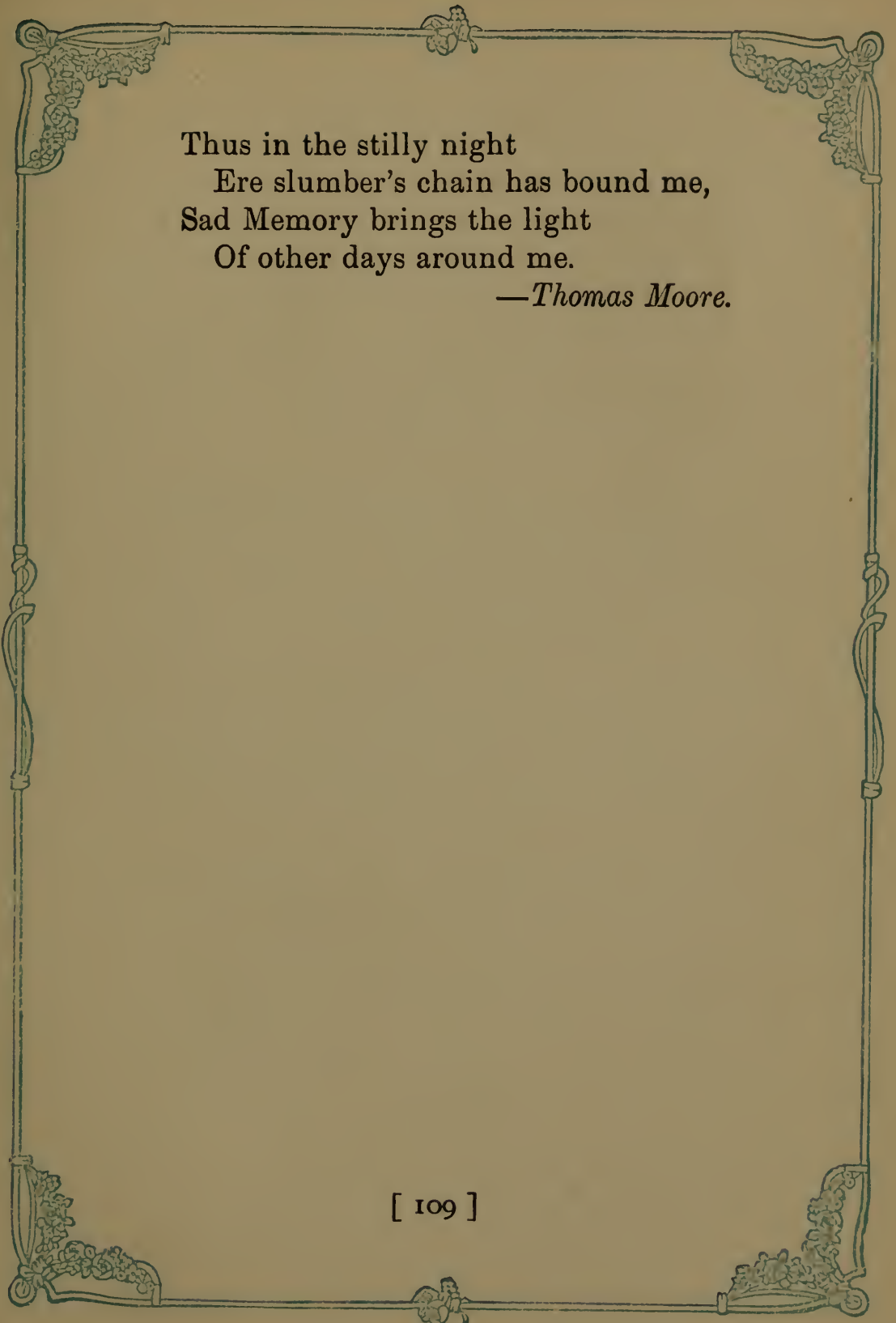
—*Thomas Gray.*

## THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS



FT in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has  
bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me :  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends so link'd together  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !



Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

—*Thomas Moore.*



## COUNSEL TO GIRLS



ATHER ye rosebuds while ye  
may,  
Old Time is still a-flyng :  
And this same flower that  
smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
And while ye may, go marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

—*Robert Herrick.*

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

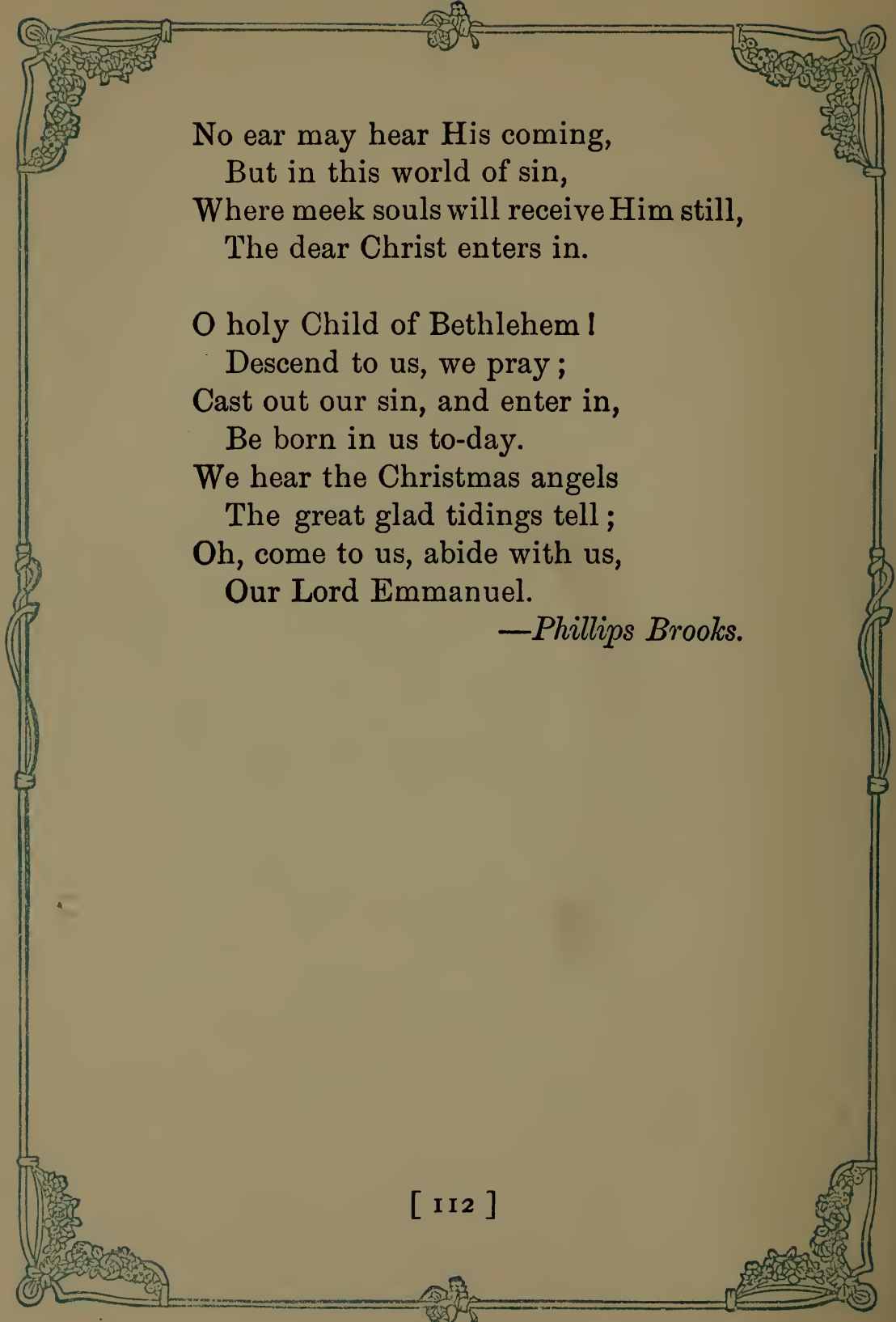


LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie !  
Above thy deep and dream-  
less sleep  
The silent stars go by ;  
Yet in thy dark streets  
shineth

The everlasting Light ;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth !  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given !  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.



No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !  
Descend to us, we pray ;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell ;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

## COMFORT



PEAK low to me, my Saviour,  
low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs,  
sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall,  
and miss Thee so

Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet —  
And if no precious gums my hands be-  
stow

Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affliction—thus, in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for ever-  
more,

Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



## THE BROOK



COME from haunts of coot  
and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the  
fern,  
To bicker down the valley.


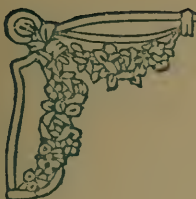
By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.





I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

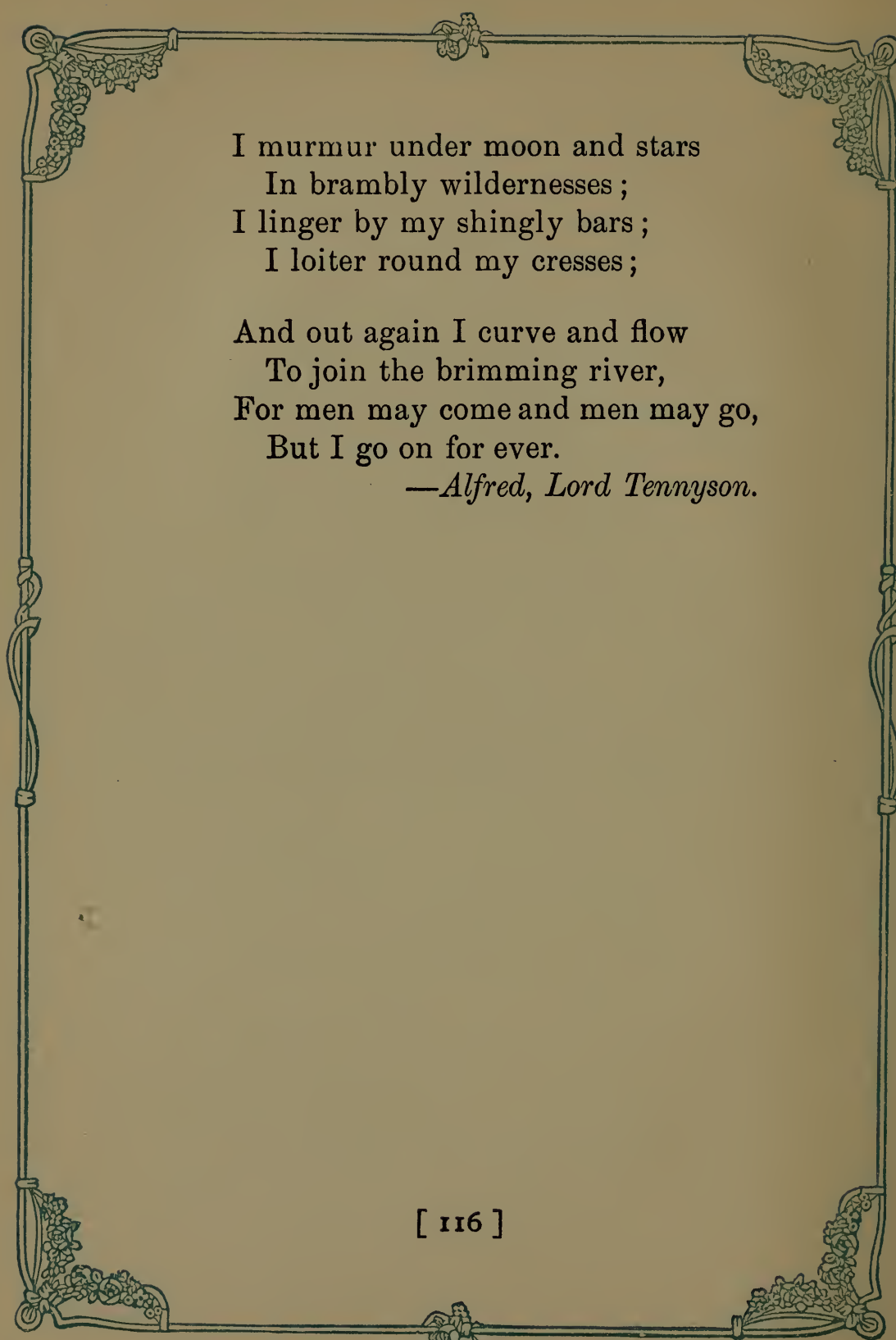
I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers ;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows ;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.



I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses ;  
I linger by my shingly bars ;  
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS



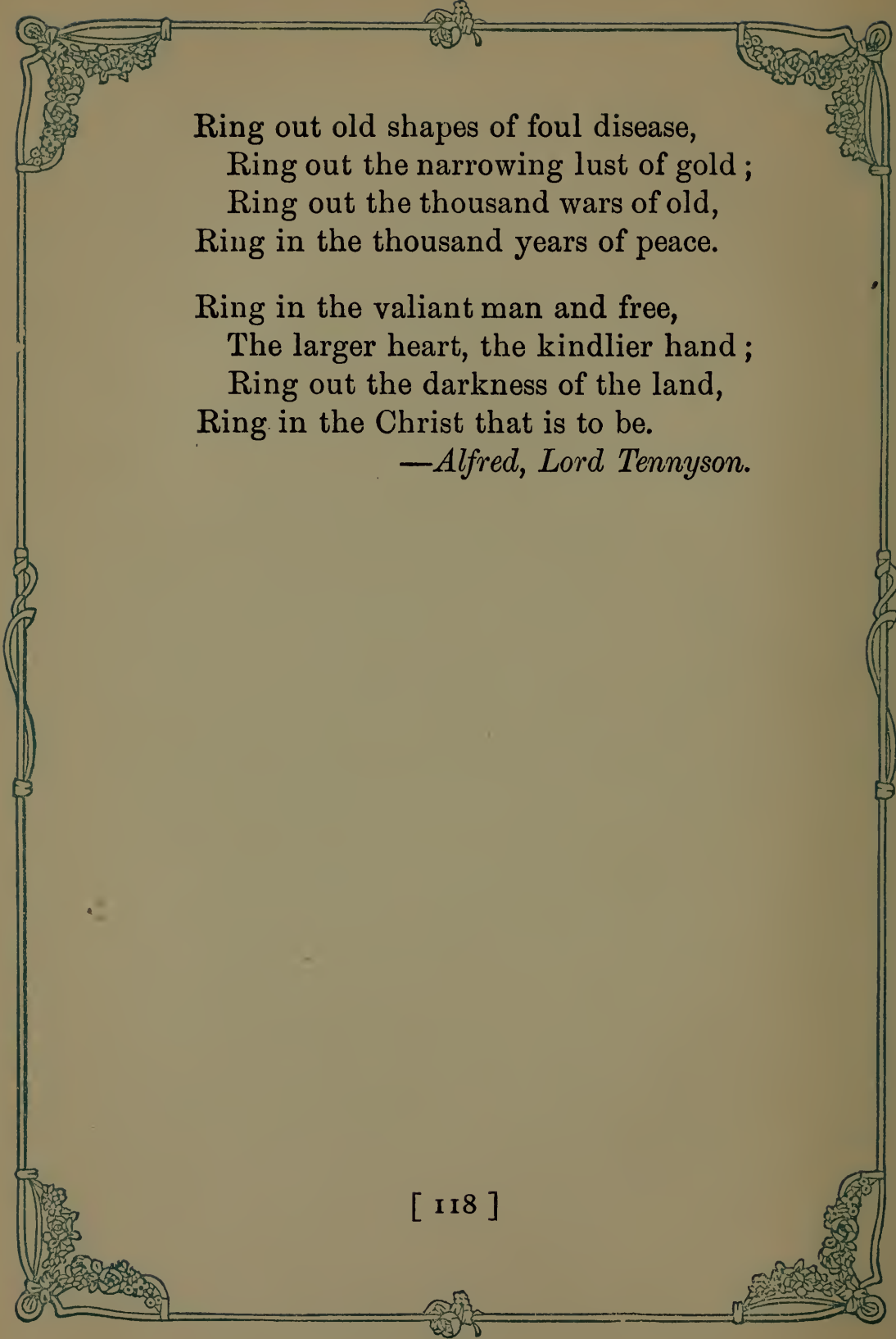
RING out, wild bells, to the wild  
sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty  
light;  
The year is dying in the  
night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.



Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## THE BLESSED DAMOZEL



HE blessed damozel leaned  
out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the  
depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn ;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers ;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers ;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

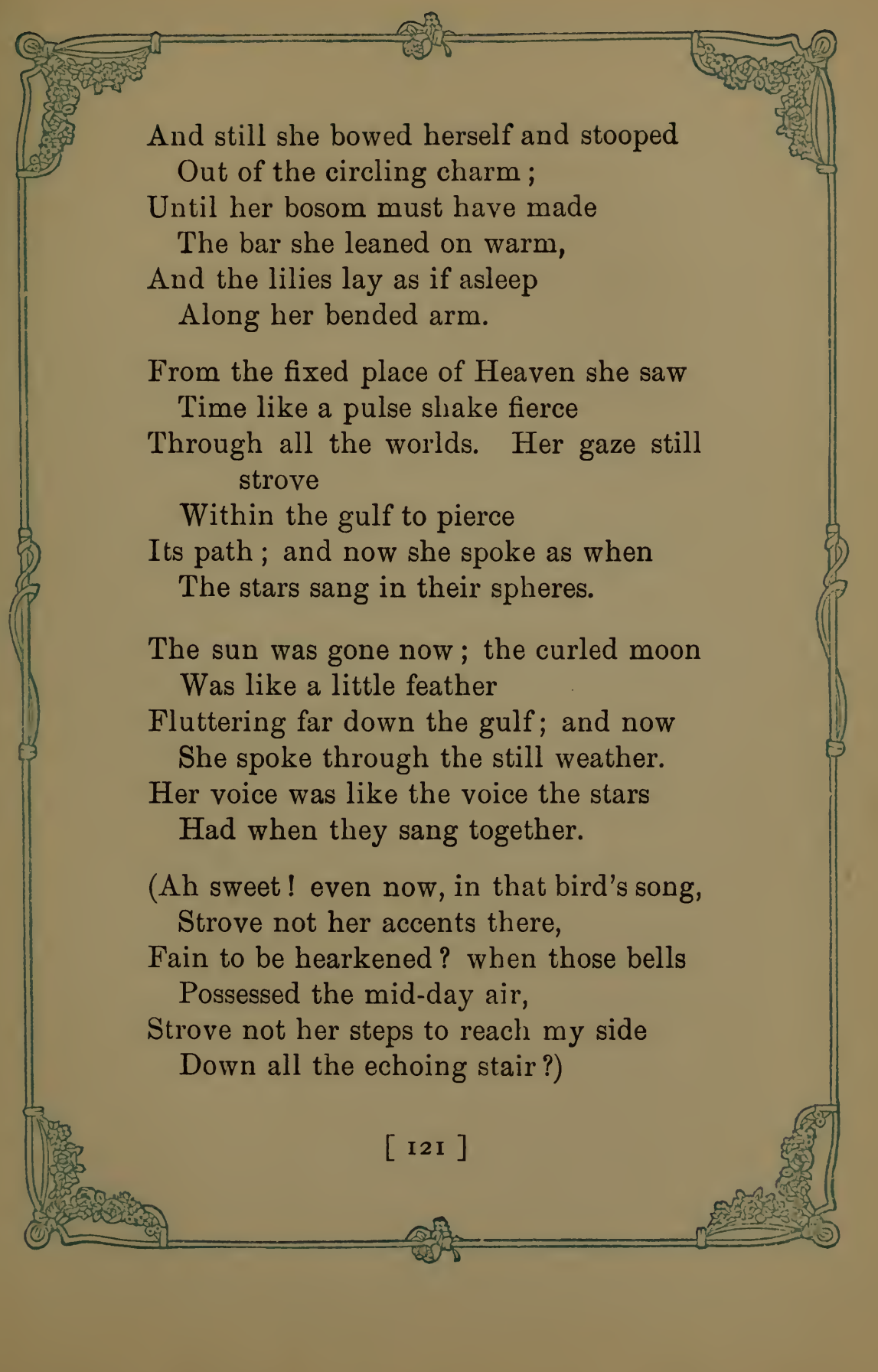


(To one, it is ten years of years.  
    . . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
    Fell all about my face . . .  
Nothing—the autumn-fall of leaves :  
    The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
    That she was standing on ;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
    The which is Space begun ;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
    She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
    Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
    With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
    Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
    'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
    Their heart-remembered names ;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
    Went by her like thin flames.



And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm ;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still  
strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path ; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened ? when those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair ?)

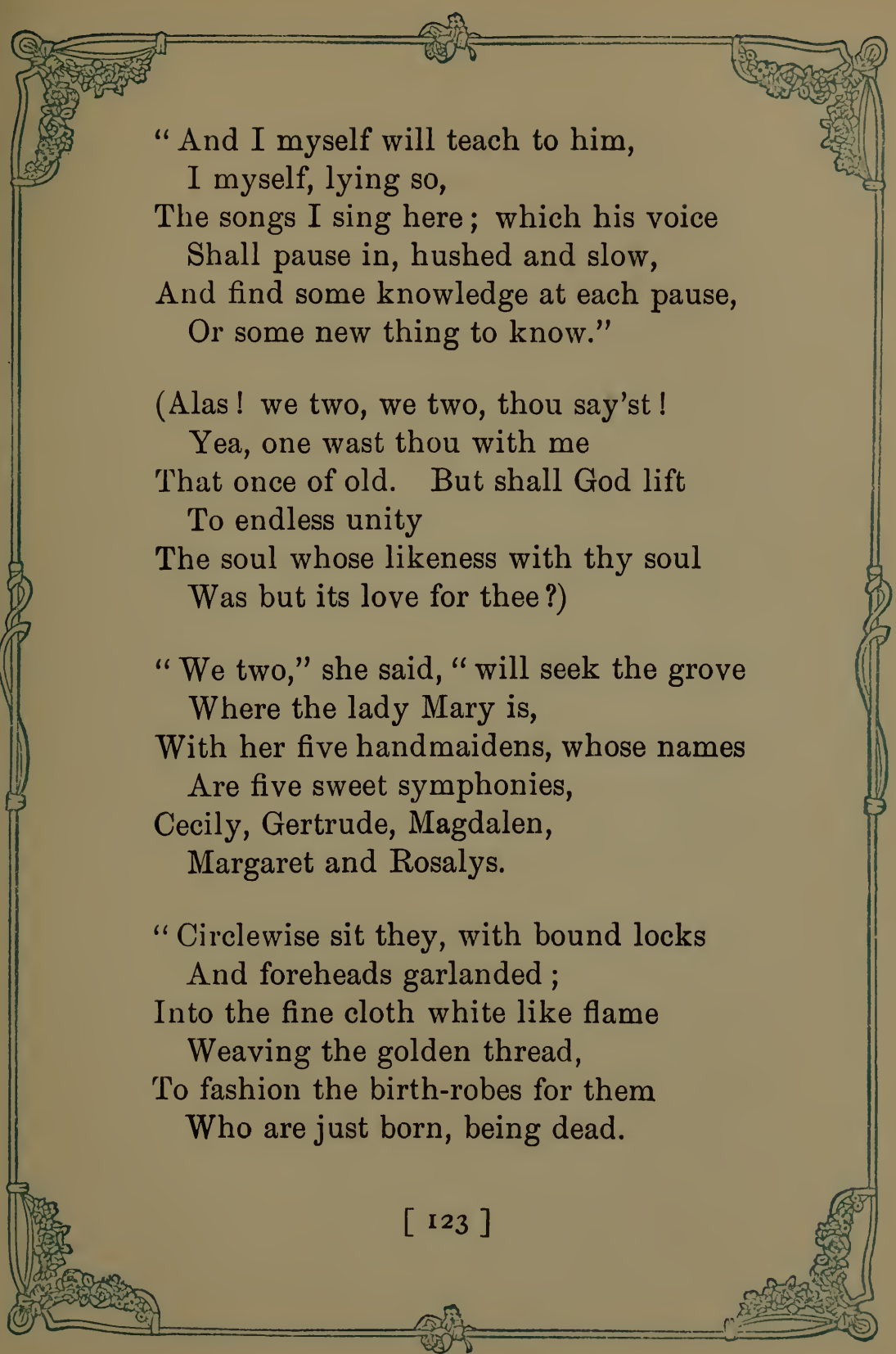
“ I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come,” she said.

“ Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on  
earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray’d?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?

“ When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I’ll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God’s sight.

“ We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

“ We two will lie i’ the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.



“ And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here ; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee ?)

“ We two,” she said, “ will seek the grove  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

“ Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.



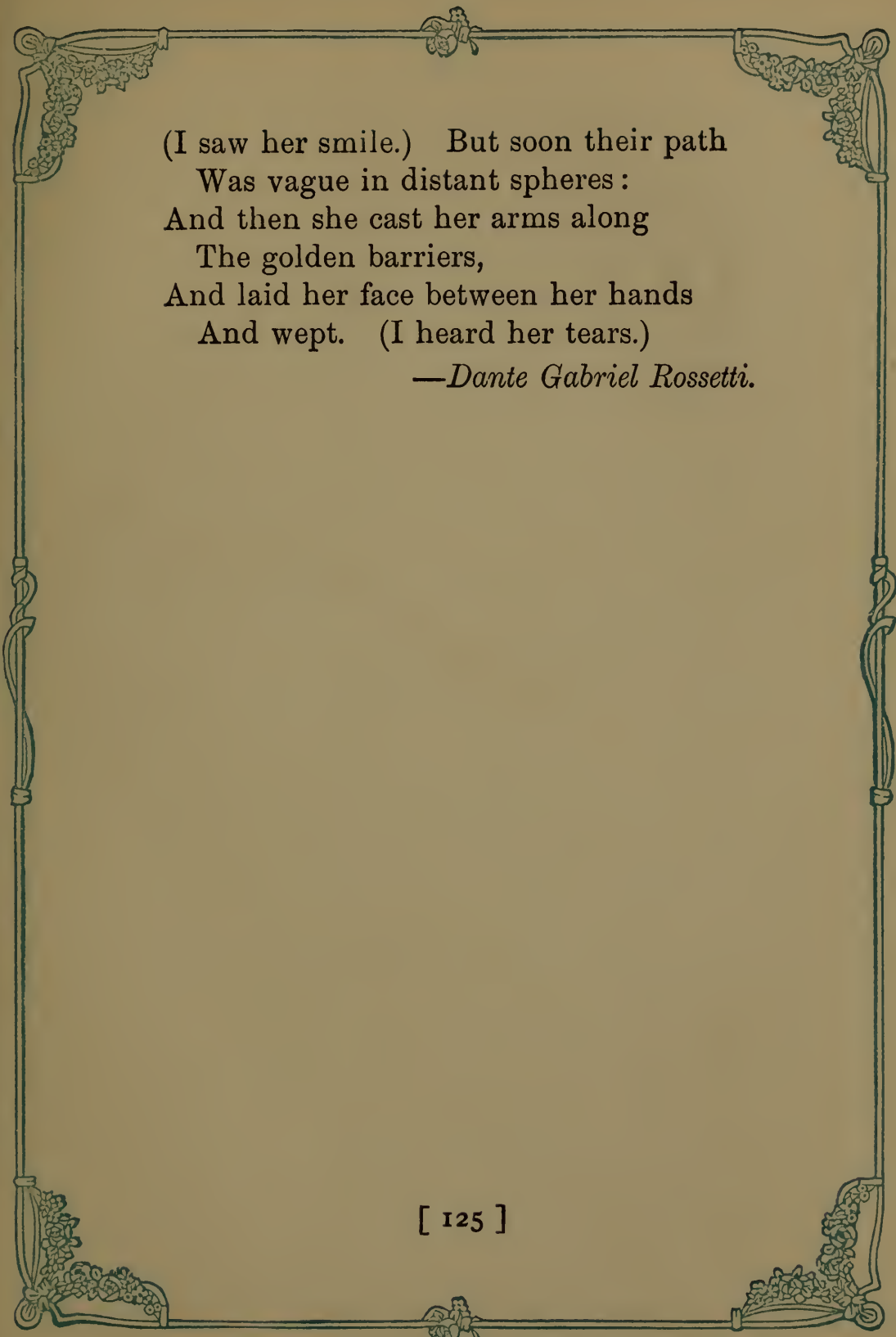
“ He shall fear, haply, and be dumb,  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To His, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak :  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

“ There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me :—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
“ All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.





(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres :  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

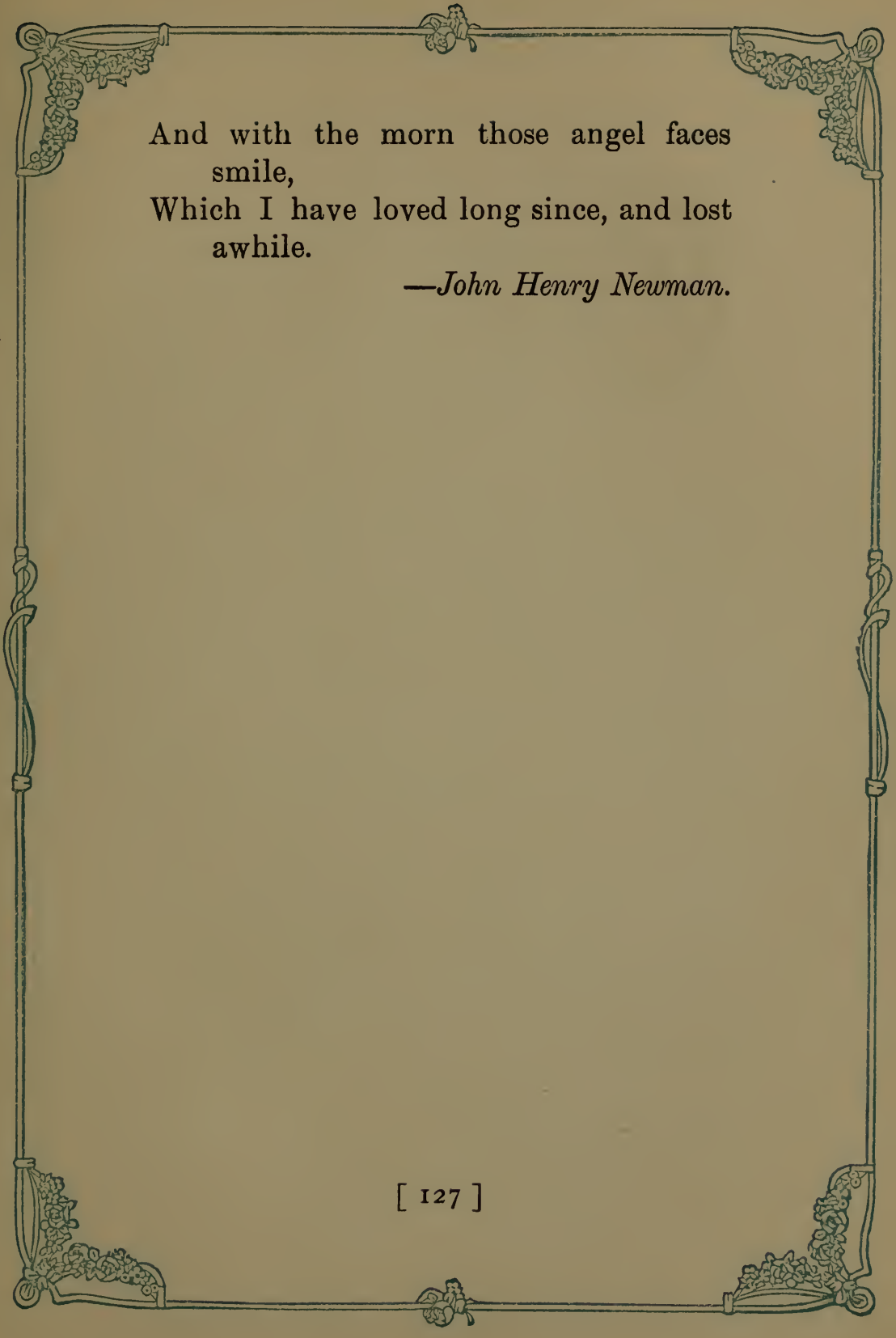
## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT



LEAD, kindly light, amid the  
encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on :  
The night is dark, and I am  
far from home,  
Lead Thou me on :  
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for  
me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Thou  
Should'st lead me on :  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but  
now,  
Lead Thou me on :  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past  
years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it  
still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
till  
The night is gone,



And with the morn those angel faces  
smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile.

—*John Henry Newman.*

‘BREAK, BREAK, BREAK’



REAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O  
Sea!  
And I would that my tongue  
could utter  
The thoughts that arise in  
me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill!  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

O LOVE, THAT WILT NOT  
LET ME GO



LOVE, that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in  
Thee :

I give Thee back the life I  
owe,

That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,  
I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee ;  
My heart restores its borrow'd ray,  
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me thro' pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee ;  
I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain,  
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;  
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson.



FROM "PIPPA PASSES"



HE year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
Morning's at seven ;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd ;  
The lark's on the wing ;  
The snail's on the thorn ;  
God's in His heaven —  
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

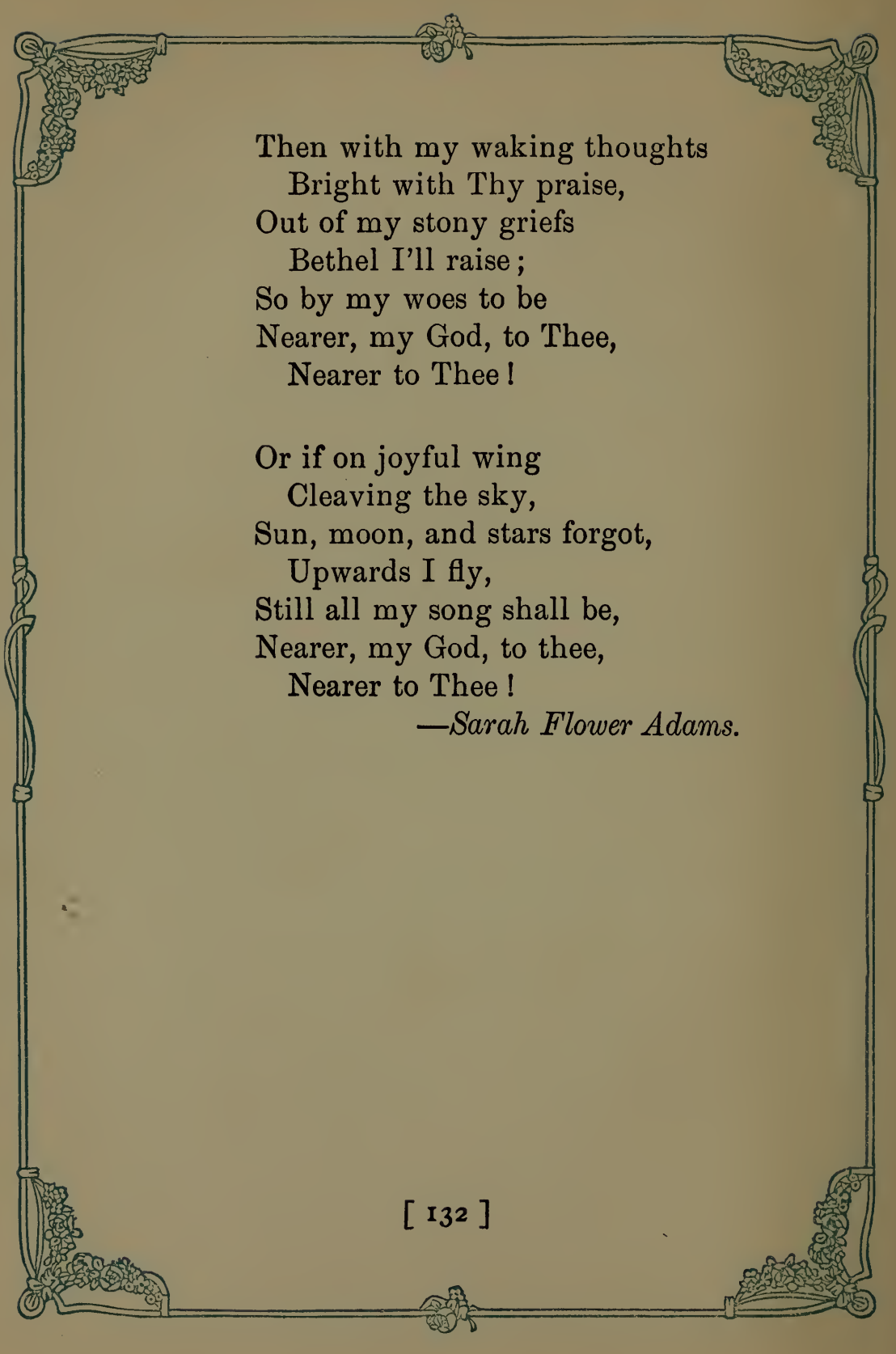
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE



NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear  
Steps unto Heaven ;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !



Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

—*Sarah Flower Adams.*

## THE SLEEP

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.



OF all the thoughts of God that  
are  
Born inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music  
deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?—  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown, to light the  
brows.—

"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?—  
A little faith, all undisproved,  
A little dust, to overweep,  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake.—

"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids  
          creep:

But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
    "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
    And "giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
    "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Yea, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I think their happy smile is heard—  
    "He giveth His beloved, sleep."



For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the jugglers  
    leap,—

Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
    Who “giveth His beloved, sleep.”

And, friends, dear friends,—when shall  
    it be

That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall—  
    He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## RECESSIONAL



OD of our fathers, known of  
old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle  
line—  
Beneath whose awful hand  
we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in  
awe—

Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to  
guard—

For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

## ABIDE WITH ME



ABIDE with me! fast falls the  
even-tide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord,  
with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and  
comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass  
away :  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with  
me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with  
me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of  
kings ;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings ;



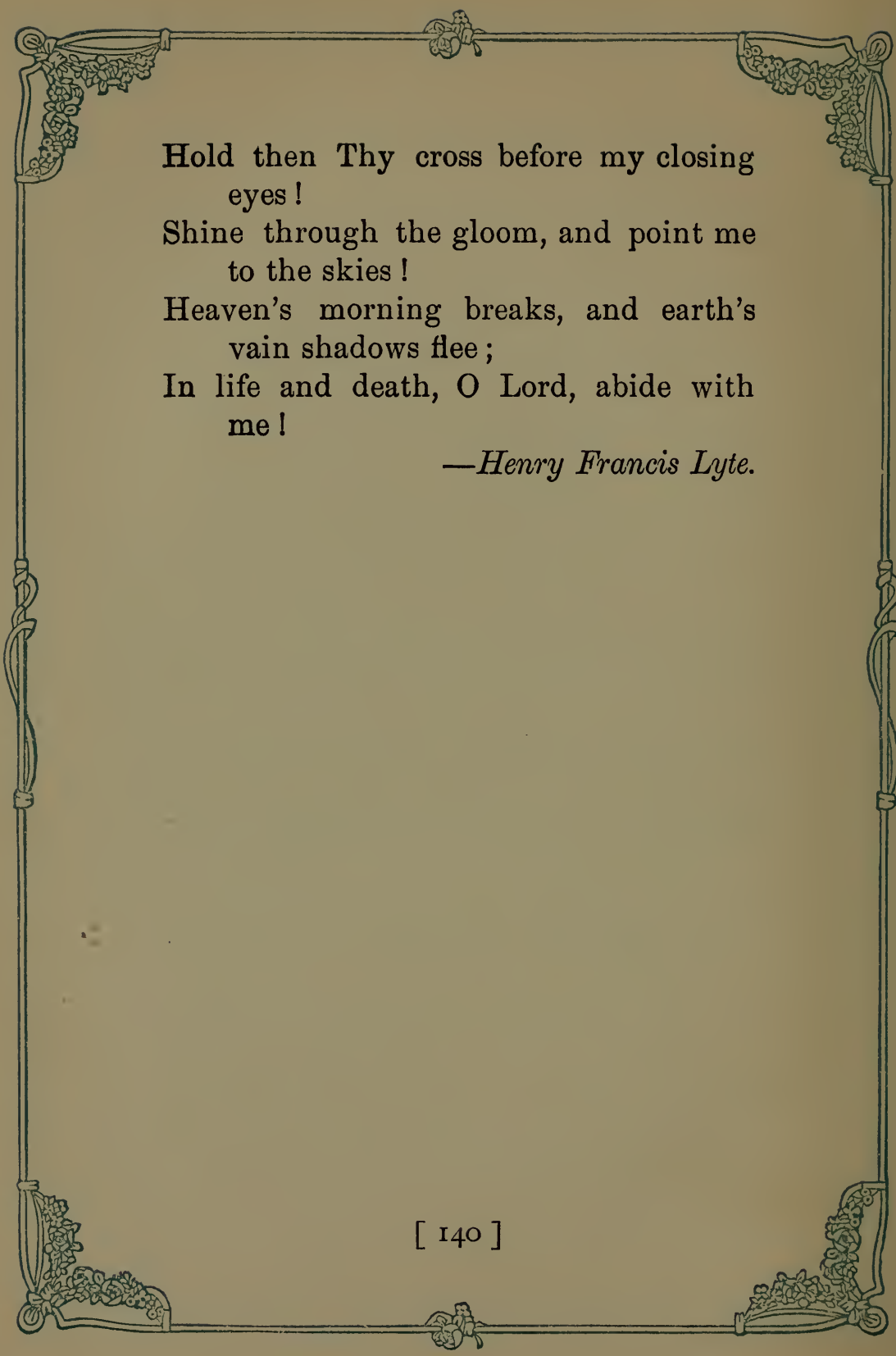
Tears for all woes, a heart for every  
plea ;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide  
with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile ;  
And, though rebellious and perverse  
meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide  
with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to  
bless :  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
ness :  
Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave,  
thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !





Hold then Thy cross before my closing  
eyes !

Shine through the gloom, and point me  
to the skies !

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
vain shadows flee ;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with  
me !

—*Henry Francis Lyte.*

## NATURE



AS a fond mother, when the day  
is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little  
child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant  
to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the  
floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open  
door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not  
please him more ;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the  
hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the  
what we know.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE DAY IS DONE



HE day is done and the dark-  
ness  
Falls from the wings of  
Night,  
As a feather is wafted down-  
ward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice ;

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



## CROSSING THE BAR



UNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning  
of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



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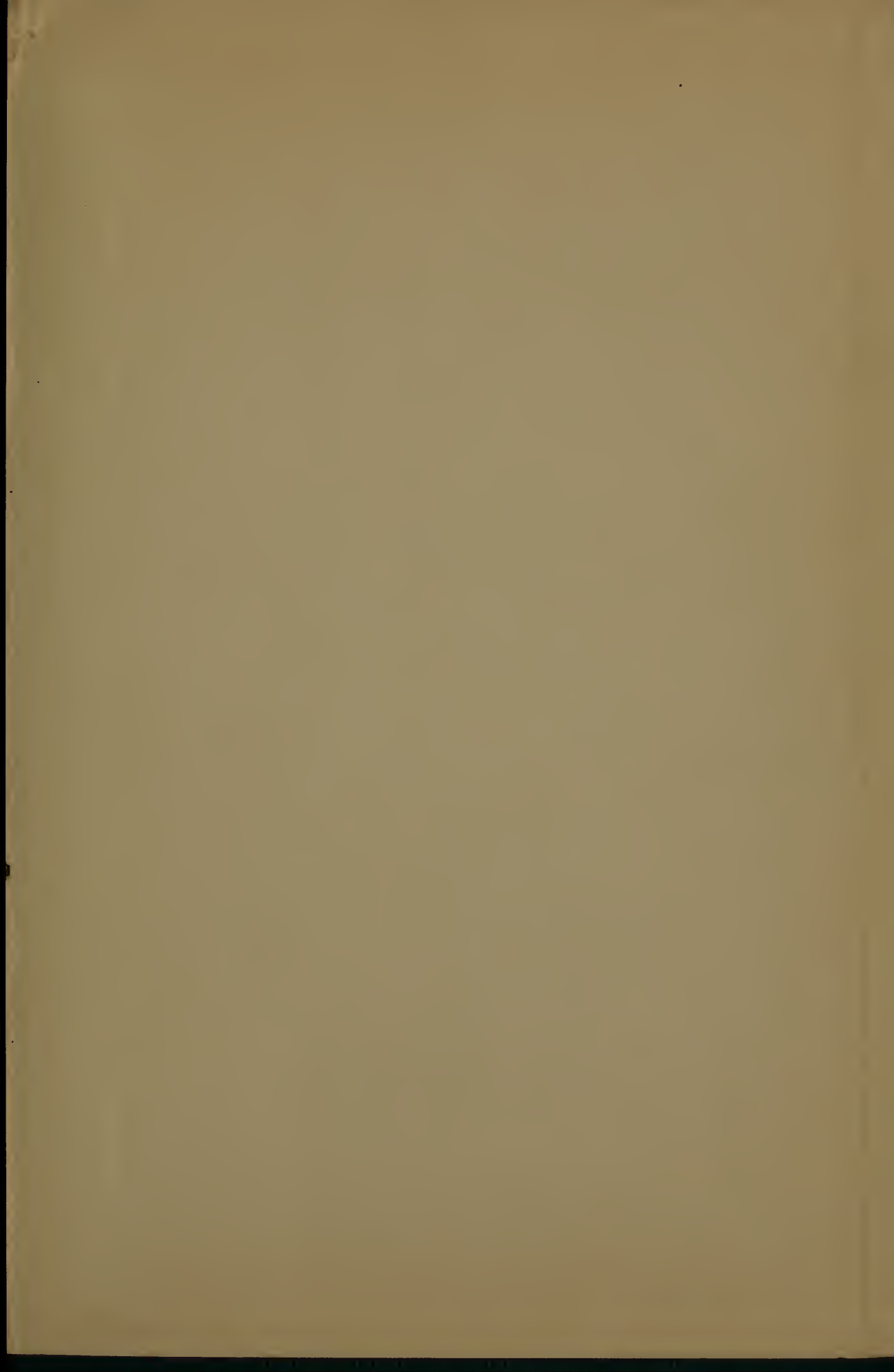
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